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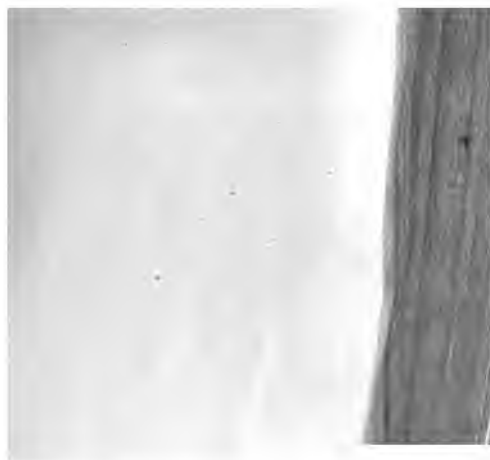
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ollection.
in 1893.

55-56















...

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
DR. JONATHAN SWIFT
VOL. III.
CONTAINING HIS
MISCELLANEOUS PIECES
FROM 1730 TO 1739.

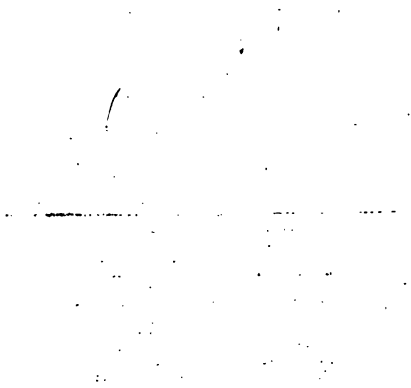
Perhaps I may allow the Dean
Had too much satire in his vein,
And seem'd determin'd not to starve it,
Because no age could more deserve it:
Yet malice never was his aim;
He lash'd the vice, but spar'd the name-----
Vice, if it e'er can be abash'd,
Must be or ridicul'd or lash'd----

As for his Works in verse or prose,
I own myself no judge of those;
Nor can I tell what critics thought 'em;
But this I know, all people bought 'em,
As with a moral view design'd,
To please and to reform mankind;
And if he often miss'd his aim,
The world must own it, to their shame,
The praise is his, and theirs the blame.

VERSES ON THE DEATH OF SWIFT

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR J. BELL, BOOKSELLER TO HIS
ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES.

1787.



SCELLANEOUS POEMS,

FROM 1730 TO 1739.

E LADY'S DRESSING-ROOM*.

Written in the year 1730.

8 hours (and who can do it less in ?)
mighty Celia spent in dressing,
goddess from her chamber issues,
y'd in lace, brocades, and tissues.
hon, who found the room was void, 5
Betty otherwise employ'd,
in, and took a strict survey
ll the litter as it lay ;
reof, to make the matter clear,
nventory follows here. 10
id, first, a dirty smock appear'd,
ath the arm-pits well besmear'd ;

No charge has been more frequently brought against
can, or indeed more generally admitted, than that of
indelicacy, of which this Poem is always produced
instance. Here, then, it is but justice to remark,
whenever he offends against delicacy he reaches it ;
mulates the mind to sensibility, to correct the faults
sual negligence ; as physicians, to cure a lethargy,
recourse to a blister. And though it may reason-
be supposed that few English ladies leave such a
ing-room as Celia's, yet many may have given suf-
t cause for reminding them, that very soon after
has been gratified, the utmost delicacy becomes ne-
y to prevent disgust. *Hawkes.*

swears how damnably the high
 calling Celia sweet and cleanly.
 Now listen, while he next produces
 various combs for various uses, 24
 'd up with dirt so closely fixt,
 brush could force a way betwixt ;
 paste of composition rare,
 eat, dandriff, powder, lead, and hair.
 forehead-cloth, with oil upon't, 2
 smooth the wrinkles on her front.
 re alum-flour, to stop the steams
 hal'd from sour unsav'ry streams ;
 ere night-gloves made of Tripsey's hide,
 squeath'd by Tripsey when she dy'd ;
 'ith puppy-water, beauty's help,
 istill'd from Tripsey's darling whelp.
 ere galleepots and vials plac'd,
 me fill'd with washes, some with paste ;
 me with pomatums, paints, and slops,

ICELLANEOUS POEMS.	7
turn'd poor Strephon's bowels, ld and smelt the towels, matter'd, and beslim'd	45
l sweat, and ear-wax, grim'd. phon's eyes escapes ; in frouzy heaps : dkerchiefs forgot, o'er with snuff and snot.	50
why should I expose, ie moisture of her toes ? s, or pinners reeking, left at least a week in ? ezers next he found,	55
brows in arches round, sink the forehead low, n like bristles grow. we must not let pass gnifying glass :	60
d Strephon cast his eye on't, visage of a giant ; can to sight disclose worm in Celia's nose, t direct her nail	65
out from head to tail ; icely by the head, out alive or dead. phon, will you tell the rest ? u needs describe the chest ?	70
wench ! no creature warn her ut from yonder corner,	

make it seem, in this machine,
 Cabinet to vulgar eyes,
 which Strephon ventur'd to look in,
 lov'd to go thro' thick and thin :
 lifts the lid ; there needs no more ;
 melt it all the time before.
 As from within Pandora's box,
 when Epimetheus op'd the locks,
 sudden universal crew
 human evils upward flew,
 still was comforted to find
 that Hope at last remain'd behind ;
 Strephon lifting up the lid,
 to view what in the chest was hid,
 the vapours flew from out the vent ;
 Strephon, cautious, never meant
 the bottom of the pan to grope,
 but doul his hands in search of Hope.
 Oh ! ne'er may such a vile machine

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

9

1 adown the hopeful chops
 : upon a cinder drops,
 king smoke it turns the flame, 105
 ng the flesh from whence it came,
 , exhales a greasy stench,
 ich you curse the careless wench ;
 gs which must not be exprest,
 lumpst into the reeking chest, 110
 , an excremental smell,
 t the parts from whence they fell,
 tticoats and gown perfume,
 aft a stink round ev'ry room.
 s finishing his grand survey, 115
 rain, disgusted, slunk away,
 ng in his am'rous fits,
 Celia, Celia Celia sh—!"
 Vengeance, goddess never sleeping,
 unish'd Strephon for his peeping : 120
 il imagination links,
 ame he sees with all her stinks ;
 unsav'ry odours fly,
 ves a lady standing by.
 men his description fits, 125
 th ideas jump like wits,
 ous fancy coupled fast,
 ill appearing in contrast.
 y wretched Strephon, blind
 the charms of woman-kind. 130
 I the Queen of Love refuse,
 e she rose from stinking ooze ?

Celia all her glory saw
 ephon would but stop his nose,
 now so impiously blasphemes
 ointments, daubs, and paints, and creams,
 washes, slops, and every clout,
 h which he makes so foul a rout,
 soon will learn to think like me,
 d bless his ravish'd eyes to see
 ch order from confusion sprung;
 ch gaudy tulips rais'd from dung.

140

141

AN ANSWER TO DOCTOR DELANY'S FABLE. OF THE PHEASANT AND THE LARK.

Written in the year 1730.

— times the wise were able

YUS POEMS.

11

;	
fine;	
together,	
ther:	
ock bring,	15
ing;	
s eyes,	
h and wise.	
octor's choice,	
t and voice!	20
ock	
aycock?	
tor, you know	
o Juno.	
h noise,	25
boys.	
ling force	
orse;	
y kind,	
ehind;	30
he highest post,	
le the roast.)	
ne at present,	
. Pheasant.	
n of wit,	35
e ever writ,	
mions privy,	
and Livy.	
allow,	
ve are now,	40

was victor,

And as he wander'd in his park,
He chanc'd to spy a clergy Lark,
Was taken with his person outward,
So prettily he pick'd a cow-t—d;
Then in a net the Pheasant caught him,
And in his palace fed and taught him.
The moral of the tale is pleasant,
Himself the Lark, my Lord the Pheasant:
A Lark he is, and such a Lark
As never came from Noah's ark;
And tho' he had no other notion
But building, planning, and devotion;
Tho' 'tis a maxim you must know,
Who does no ill can have no foe;
Yet how shall I express in words
The strange stupidity of birds?
This Lark was hated in the wood,
Because he did his brethren good.

at but for spleen and spite
 should know that he could write;
 as the nation always err'd,
 himself is not preferr'd;
 as thro' his Libel * seen, 75
 his malice spare the Q—n,
 she known his vile behaviour,
 er have shown him so much favour.
 ord † hath told his pranks,
 deserves the nation's thanks. 80
 ie Senate deign to show
 it on this public foe!
 ingale might fit a cage,
 him starve, and vent his rage;
 they but in fetters bind 85
 y of human-kind.
 us Coffee ‡! shew thy zeal,
 mpion for the common-weal
 eeme like this repine
 o wet thy pen divine; 90
 at libeller a lash,
 vends seditious trash;
 ; revile the nation's wisdom,
 praise of virtue is dumb:
 bler lash, who neither knows 95
 f verse nor style of prose;

Libel on Dr. Delany and Lord Carteret.
 Allen, the same who is meant by Traulus.
 lin Garettet.

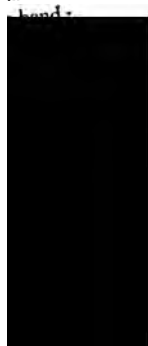
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IE.

and



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Where Phœbus pays a scanty stipend, Where never yet a codling ripen'd, Hither the frantic goddess draws Three sufferers in a ruin'd cause : By faction banis'd, here unite A Dean *, a Spaniard † and a knight ‡ ; Unite, but on conditions cruel, The Dean and Spaniard find it too well : Condemn'd to live in service hard, On either side his Honour's guard : The Dean, to guard his Honour's back, Must build a castle at Drumlack ; The Spaniard, sore against his will, Must raise a fort at Market-hill ; And thus the pair of humble gentry At north and south are posted centry, While in his lordly castle fixt The Knight triumphant reigns betwixt, And what the wretches most resent, To be his slaves must pay him rent ; Attend him daily as their chief, Decant his wine, and carve his beef. Oh, Fortune ! 'tis a scandal for thee To smile on those who are least worthy :	15 5 10 15 20 25
--	---

* The Author.

† Col. Harry Leslie, who served and lived long in Spain.

‡ Sir Arthur Acheson.

|| The Irish name of a farm the Dean took, and was to build on, but changed his mind. He called it Drapier's Hill. *Vide* the poem so called.

their two fames the world enough --
here are thy services and suff'rings ?
hat if for nothing once you kist,
gainst the grain, a monarch's fist ?
hat if among the courtly tribe
ou lost a p'ce and sav'd a bribe ?
nd then in surly mood came here
o fifteen hundred pounds a-year,
nd fierce against the Whigs harangu'd ?
ou never ventur'd to be hang'd.
ow dare you treat your betters thus ?
re you to be compar'd with us ?
Come, Spaniard ! let us from our farms
all forth our cottagers to arms ;
ur forces let us both unite,
ttack the foe at left and right.
rom Market-Hill's exalted head,
ull northward let your troops be led ;
While I from Drapier's Mount descend,

True, Lady Anne no danger fears,
 Brave as the Upton fan she wears;
 Then, lest upon our first attack
 Her valiant arm should force us back,
 And we of all our hopes depriv'd,
 I have a stratagem contriv'd:
 By these embroider'd high-heel'd shoes
 She shall be caught, as in a noose;
 So well contriv'd her toes to pinch,
 She'll not have pow'r to stir an inch:
 These gaudy shoes must Hannah * place
 Direct before her Lady's face;
 The shoes put on, our faithful portress
 Admits us in to storm the fortress,
 While tortur'd Madam bound remains,
 Like Montezume in golden chains;
 Or like a cat with walnuts shod,
 Stumbling at ev'ry step she trod.
 Sly hunters thus, in Borneo's isle,
 To catch a monkey by a wile
 The mimic animal amuse;
 They place before him gloves and shoes,
 Which, when the brute puts awkward on,
 All his agility is gone:
 In vain to frisk or climb he tries;
 The huntsmen seize the grinning prize.
 But let us on our first assault
 Secure the larder and the vault.

60

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80

* My Lady's waiting-maid.

And chest that keeps my Lady's tea,
They must surrender at discretion :
And soon as we have gain'd possession 90
We'll act as other conqu'rors do,
Divide the realm between us two.
Then (let me see) we'll make the Knight
Our clerk, for he can read and write ;
But must not think, I tell him that, 95
Like Lorimer †, to wear his hat :
Yet, when we dine without a friend,
We'll place him at the lower end.
Madam, whose skill does all in dress lie,
May serve to wait on Mrs Leslie ; 100
But lest it might not be so proper
That her own maid should overtop her,
To mortify the creature more,
We'll take her heels five inches low'r.
For Hannah, when we have no need of her, 105
I will be sure to let her go.

MISCELLANEOUS POE

TRAULUS.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TOM

THE FIRST PART.

Written in the year 17

TOM.

SAY, Robin; what can Traulus mean
By bell'wing thus against the Dean;
Why does he call him paltry Scribble
Papist, and Jacobite, and Libeller?
Yet cannot prove a single fact.

ROBIN. Forgive him, Tom, his

TOM. What mischief can the Dean
That Traulus calls for vengeance on;
Why must he sputter, spawl, and sl
In vain against the people's fav'rite;
Revile that nation-saving paper,
Which gave the Dean the name of

ROBIN. Why, Tom, I think the
Party and spleen have turn'd his

TOM. Such friendship never mar
The Dean was never so caress'd;
For Traulus long his rancour nurs
Till, God knows why, at last it burst
That clumsy outside of a porter,
How could it thus conceal a courtier

BOUS POEMS.

ances are bad,
s mad.

wretch in Bedlam knows
ends from foes;

ong the rout
ith about,

e and sap'ence,
hat give him ha'pence,

random pisses,
ke mad Ulysses,

his ordure scatters,
he chiefly flatters.

ese inconsistent fits?
y, Tom, the man has lost his wits.

ed; and yet when Towzer snaps 35
eis with frothy chaps,

head, and drops his tail,

avail : in dead; 40

25

30

35

40

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

21

finger and his thumb or words, and out they come. a rogue; there's nothing in it, upon you in a minute: to rail, but, d——n his blood, want it for your good: hip was exalt'dy tim'd, fore your foes were prim'd. strivance, Mr. Dean, ll bring you off as clean——	55
im use you ere so rough, or love, and that's enough. sputter thro' a session, kes the least impression: e speaks for madness goes, fect on friends or foes. he scrubbiest cur in all the pack mastiff on your back. madness is a jest, all; but he's possest, ith a thousand imps, hose ends his madness pimps, ach string and wire preside, ipe, each motion guide, v'ry vice we find	60 65 70
e to the devil assign'd; the dark infernal region, lodge, and make him Legion. he's a false accuser, , traitor, and seducer;	75 80

began,
with man?
ever wou'd,
by a flood.
om raves;
rich slaves:
his ink,
ng, or sink.

AULUS.

SECOND PART.

in the year 1730.

icious breed,

100

102

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

By the dam from lordlings sprung,
By the sire exhal'd from dung ;
Think on ev'ry vice in both,
Look on him, and see their growth.

View him on the mother's side,
Fill'd with falsehood, spleen, and pride ;
Positive and over-bearing,
Changing still, and still adhering ;
Spiteful, peevish, rude, untoward,
Fierce in tongue, in heart a coward ;
When his friends he most is hard on,
Cringing comes to beg their pardon ;
Reputation ever tearing,
Ever dearest friendship swearing ;
Judgment weak, and passion strong ;
Always various, always wrong ;
Provocation never waits,
Where he loves or where he hates ;
Talks what'er comes in his head,
Wishes it were all unsaid.

Let me now the vices trace
From the father's scoundrel race.
Who could give the looby such airs ?
Were they masons, were they butchers ?

Herald, lend the Muse an answer
From his *atavus* and grandsire :
This was dext'rous at his trowel,
That was bred to kill a cow well.
Hence the greasy clumsy mien
In his dress and figure seen ;

Hence he learn'd the butcher's guile,
How to cut your throat and smile;
Like a butcher doom'd for life
In his mouth to wear his knife;
Hence he draws his daily food
From his tenants' vital blood.

Lastly, let his gifts be try'd
Borrow'd from the mason's side.
Some perhaps may think him able
In the state to build a Babel,
Could we place him in a station
To destroy the old foundation.
True, indeed, I should be gladder
Could he learn to mount a ladder.
May he at his latter-end
Mount alive, and dead descend!

In him tell me which prevail,
Female vices most, or male?
What produc'd him can you tell?

How thy face charms ev'ry shepherd,
Spotted over like a leopard !

And thy freckled neck display'd, 5

Envy breeds in ev'ry maid,

Like a fly-blown cake of tallow,

Or on parchment ink turn'd yellow,

Or a tawny speckled pippin

Shrivell'd with a winter's keeping. 10

And, thy beauty thus dispatch'd,

Let me praise thy wit unmatch'd.

Sets of phrases, cut and dry,

Evermore thy tongue supply ;

And thy memory is loaded 15

With old scraps from plays exploded ;

Stock'd with repartees and jokes

Suited to all christian folks ;

Shreds of wit, and senseless rhymes,

Blunder'd out a thousand times. 20

Nor wilt thou of gifts be sparing,

Which can ne'er be worse for wearing,

Picking wit among collegians,

In the playhouse' upper regions,

Where, in eighteen-penny gall'ry, 25

Irish nymphs learn Iris ra'll'ry :

But thy merit is thy failing,

And thy raillery is railing.

Thus with talents well endu'd

To be scurrilous and rude, 30

When you pertly raise your snout,

Fleer and gibe, and laugh, and flout,

Volume III.

C

10 VISIT WHERE SHE SAT AT CARDS.

She, as he came into the room,
Thought him Adonis in his bloom.
And now her heart with pleasure jumps,
She scarce remembers what is trumps;
For such a shape of skin and bone
Was never seen except her own :
Charm'd with his eyes, and chin, and snout,
Her pocket-glass drew slily out,
And grew enamour'd with her phiz,
As just the counter part of his.
She darted many a private glance,
And freely made the first advance ;
Was of her beauty grown so vain,
She doubted not to win the swain ;
Nothing, she thought, could sooner gain him
Than with her wit to entertain him.
She ask'd about her friends below,
This meagre fon. that batter'd beau :

If Florimel had found her love,
For whom she hang'd herself above?
How oft' a-week was kept a ball
By Proserpine at Pluto's hall?
She fancied those Elysian shades
The sweetest place for masquerades.
How pleasant on the banks of Styx
To troll it in a coach and six!

85

What pride a female heart inflames!
How endless are Ambition's aims!
Cease, haughty Nymph! the Fates decree
Death must not be a spouse for thee;
For when by chance the meagre shade
Upon thy hand his finger laid,
Thy hand, as dry and cold as lead,
His matrimonial spirit fled;
He felt about his heart a damp,
That quite extinguish'd Cupid's lamp;
Away the frighted spectre scuds,
And leaves my Lady in the suds.

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A PANEGYRIC ON THE DEAN,

IN THE PERSON OF A LADY IN THE NORTH*.

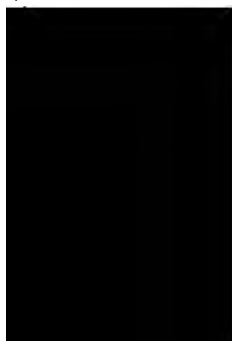
Written in the year 1730.

RESOLV'D my gratitude to show,
Thrice Rev'rend Dean! for all I owe,

* The lady of Sir Arthur Acheson.

POEMS.

uke,	
ce.	60
ig * next ;	
t text !	
hines	
vines !	
full pit	65
r pulpit.	
ation.	
tion,	
sion stirr'd,	
rd,	70
ce break,	
ak :	
ncise,	
ice.	
d,	75



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.	33
your spirits, Mr. Dean,	85
a nobler scene.	
vault you walk in state,	
butler's * mate,	
Dennis † bear the sway ;	
often trust the key ;	90
judge with all his art	
a bottle holds a quart,	
may best for bottles pass,	
ev'ry man his glass ;	
r to produce the best,	95
ay serve a common guest.	
s you did ne'er combine,	
steal your master's wine,	
tle now and then,	
brother serving-men ;	100
with a good design,	
Arthur's health and mine ;	
's honour to maintain,	
like returns again.	
r's ‡ post must next be handled.	105
am I by such a man led !	
: wise and careful guardship	
se fatigue and hardship :	
wn to dirt and wet,	
ed round I scorn to fret.	110

times used to direct the butler.
er.

times used to walk with the Lady.

To sweep away

And cure the rank unsav'ry

Now enter as the dairy handmaid :

Such charming butter * never man ma

Let others, with fanatic face,

Talk of their milk for babes of grace,

From tubs their snuffling nonsense t

Thy milk shall make us tubs of butt

The bishop with his foot may burn it

But with his hand the Dean can chur

How are the servants overjoy'd

To see thy Deanship thus employ'd !

Instead of poring on a book,

Providing butter for the cook !

Three morning-hours you toss and

The bottle till your fingers ake :

Hard is the toil, nor small the art,

The butter from the whey to part

Behold a frothy substance rise !

— your bottle flies.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS. 37

'rence thus, with like success,
 : skill or labour less)
 upon some smart lampoon,
 d turn your brain till noon, 190
 s jumbings round the scull
 makes the vessel full;
 ng comes but froth at first,
 our giddy head will burst;
 ng out four lines in rhyme, 195
 paid for all your time.
 ave rais'd your gen'rous mind
 f more exalted kind.
 s not half so skill'd in
 ur or the art of building. 200
 s of magnific size
 curious trav'ller's eyes,
 be envy'd by the Greeks,
 y you in twenty weeks.
 goddess Cloacine 205
 offerings at her shrine;
 xells the hees and shees
 eir vows with bended knees;
 fane when sexes mingle;
 nymph must enter single, 210
 she feels an inward motion,
 with rev'rence and devotion.
 d maid, to hide her blush,
 no more behind a bush;
 erv'd she boldly goes, 215
 ould say, to pluck a rose.

Or billet-doux, or lock of hay :
And, O ! may all who hither come
Return with unpolluted thumb.

Yet when your lofty domes I prai
I sigh to think of ancient days.
Permit me then to raise my style,
And sweetly moralize a while.

Thee, bounteous goddess Cloacine
To temples why do we confine ?
Forbid in open air to breathe,
Why are thine altars fix'd beneath ?

When Saturn rul'd the skies alone
(That Golden Age to gold unknown)
This earthly globe, to thee assign'd,
Receiv'd the gifts of all mankind :
Ten thousand altars, smoking round,
Were built to thee, with off'rings crown'd
And here thy daily vot'ries plac'd

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

39

n some flow'ry vale,
 ed by a gentle gale.
 y a flow'r abstersive grew,
 te flow'rs of yellow hue l 250
 s and the daffodil,
 ip soft, and sweet jonquil.
 n at last usurping Jove
 1 from his empire drove,
 ttony with greasy paws 255
 1 pin'd up to her jaws,
 ry chaps, and wagging chin,
 e a drum her oily skin ;
 t a spacious elbow-chair,
 r plate a treble share, 260
 e'er could have enough,
 urnalless man to cram and stuff.
 er priest in wooden shoes
 ghty Gaul to make ragoos ;
 wholesome bread and cheese, 265
 heir soups and fricasees ;
 our home-bred British cheer,
 catsup, and caveer.
 oated harpy, sprung from hell,
 hee, Goddess ! to a cell ; 270
 om her womb that impious line,
 rs of thy rites divine.
 ig Sloth, in woollen cap,
 er after-dinner nap ;
 psy, with a sallow face, 275
 burst, and slow her pace ;

Misc-
way thy watchful eye,
guest be sure to ply:
at your board be known
thy plate except your own.
thy arts, nor higher aim
what befits a rural dame.
Cloacina, goddess bright,
— claims her as his right;
Smedley*, flow'r of all divines,
sing the Dean in Smedley's lines.

340

346

VERSES
ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT.

Occasioned by reading the following

MAXIM IN ROCHEFOUCAULT:

Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvons
une chose qui ne nous deplaist pas.
always find

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.

This maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast,
“ In all distresses of our friends
“ We first consult our private ends,
“ While Nature, kindly bent to ease u
“ Points out some circumstance to plea
If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.

We all behold with envious eyes
Our equal rais'd above our size.
Who would not at a crowded show
Stand high himself, keep others low?
I love my friend as well as you,
But why should he obstruct my view?
Then let me have the higher post,
Suppose it but an inch at most.
If in a battle you should find
One whom you love of all mankind
Had some heroic action done,
A champion kill'd, or trophy won,
Rather than thus be overtopped,
Would you not wish his laurels cropt
Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
Lies rack'd with pain, and you without
How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad the case is not your own!

What poet would not grieve to see
His brother write as well as he?

CHARLES AND OLIVER, ESQ. ON THE CHURCH

Vain human-kind ! fantastic race !
Thy various follies who can trace ?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.
Give others riches, pow'r, and station
'Tis all on me an usurpation.
I have no title to aspire,
Yet when you sink I seem the higher.
In Pope I cannot read a line
But, with a sigh, I wish it mine :
When he can in one couplet fix,
More sense than I can do in six,
It gives me such a jealous fit,
I cry, Pox take him and his wit.
I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own hum'rous biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS. 45

'e mortify'd my pride,
 me throw my pen aside,
 h talents Heav'n hath bless'd 'em, 65
 reason to detest 'em?
 y foes, dear Fortune! send
 but never to my friend;
 n endure the first,
 th envy makes me burst. 70
 ich may serve by way of proem;
 therefore to our Poem.
 is not remote, when I
 e course of Nature die;
 resee, my special friends 75
 find their private ends;
 is hardly understood
 y my death can do them good,
 nethinks, I hear them speak;
 the Dean begins to break! 80
 tleman! he droops apace;
 nly find it in his face:
 l vertigo in his head
 ver leave him till he's dead.
 his memory decays; 85
 lects not what he says;
 ot call his friends to mind,
 he place where last he din'd,
 i with stories o'er and o'er;
 hem fifty times before. 90
 s he fancy we can sit
 his out-of-fashion wit?

CELOUS POEMS.

ounger folks,
bear his jokes.
his stories shorter,
des once a-quarter :
iks them round ;
set be found.
st his prime ;
find a rhyme :
vit decay'd,
is Muse a jade.
away his pen ;—
ing to some men."
nderness appears
to my years.
e would be reckon'd,
ers Charles the Second :
a pint of wine,
good sign.

95

100

105

110

(When daily How-d'ye's come of course,
And servants answer, "Worse and worse!")
Would please them better than to tell

125

'That, God be prais'd! the Dean is well.

Then he who prophesy'd the best

Approves his foresight to the rest:

"You know I always fear'd the worst,

"And often told you so at first."

130

He'd rather chuse that I should die

Than his prediction prove a lie.

Not one foretels I shall recover,

But all agree to give me over.

Yet should some neighbour feel a pain

135

Just in the parts where I complain,

How many a message would he send?

What hearty prayers that I should mend?

Inquire what regimen I kept,

What gave me ease, and how I slept?

140

And more lament when I was dead,

Than all the sniv'lers round my bed.

My good Companions! never fear,

For tho' you may mistake a year,

Tho' your prognostics run too fast,

145

They must be verify'd at last.

Behold the fatal day arrive!

How is the Dean? He's just alive.

Now the departing pray'r is read;

He hardly breathes—The Dean is dead.

150

Before the passing-bell begun,

an.

4

155

160

PLANEONS POEMS.	49
ay ; *** rot ;	
lals were forgot.	
I own ; but when ?	185
—* then ;	
ort of the ***	
uite a diff'rent thing."	
t Sir Robert's levee,	
the tidings heavy :	190
without his shoes,	
i sorry for the news.	
retch but living still,	
my good friend Will !	
n his head,	195
roke were dead !"	
op from rubbish drains :	
es of Swift's Remains !	
them pass the glibber,	
ls, Moore, and Cibber.	200
: does my betters,	
y life, my letters ;	
orn to die,	
bear as well as I.	
ne, to represent	205
y death lament.	
ve a month, and Gay	
thnot a day.	
will scarce forbear	
l drop a tear.	210
shrug, and cry,	
ve all must die !"	

How can I see
Those who never pity
When we are lash'd they kiss the rod,
Sighing to the will of God.

The fools, my juniors by a year,
Are tortur'd with suspense and fear,
Who wisely thought my age a screen,
When death approach'd, to stand between;
The screen remov'd, their hearts are trembling;
They mourn for me without dissembling.

220

My female friends, whose tender hearts
Have better learn'd to act their parts,
Receive the news in doleful dumps;
"The Dean is dead, (pray what is trumps?)

225

"Then, Lord have mercy on his soul!
" (Ladies, I'll venture for the vole.)
"Six deans, they say, must bear the pall,
" (I wish I knew what king to call.)

2

"Madam, your husband will attend
"Fun'ral of so good a friend."
"A shocking sight,

So we grieve that friends should die?
 more easy to supply.
 Year is past; a diff'rent scene! 245
 Further mention of the Dean,
 now, alas! is no more mist
 if he never did exist.
 He's now the fav'rite of Apollo?
 He's said:—"and his Works must follow;" 250
 He undergo the common fate;
 His kind of wit is out of date.
 The country 'squire to Lintot goes,
 He goes for Swift in verse and prose.
 Lintot, "I have heard the name; 255
 He dy'd a year ago." "The same."
 He searches all the shop in vain.
 But, you may find them in Duck-Lane;
 He sent them with a load of books,
 Last Monday, to the pastry-cooks. 260
 He'd fancy they could live a year!
 He finds you're but a stranger here.
 The Dean was famous in his time,
 And had a kind of knack at rhyme:
 His way of writing now is past; 265
 The town has got a better taste.
 He keeps no antiquated stuff,
 At spick and span I have enough.
 He may do but give me leave to shew 'em:
 Here's Colly Cibber's birth-day poem. 270
 His ode you never yet have seen,
 'Tis *Stephen Duck upon the Queen.*

“ Again—

“ It clearly shews that

“ On ministers is disaffection.

“ Next, here's Sir Robert's Vindication,

“ And Mr. Henley's last oration :

“ The hawkers have not got them yet :

“ Your Honour please to have a set ?

“ Here's Woolston's Tracts, the twelfth editio 21

“ 'Tis read by ev'ry politician.

“ The country-members, when in Town,

“ To all their boroughs send them down ;

“ You never met a thing so smart ;

“ The courtiers have them all by heart ;

“ Those maids of honour, who can read,

“ Are taught to use them for their creed.

“ The Rev'rend author's good intention

“ Hath been rewarded with a pension :

“ He doth an honour to his gown,

“ By bravely running priestcraft down :

“ He chews, as sure as God's in Gloc'ste

and impostor,

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

53

they toss my name about,
 or some, and some without,
 indiff'rent in the cause, 305
 or impartial draws :
 I mean, if we believe report,
 I will receiv'd at court :
 ironically grave,
 'd the fool, and lash'd the knave : 310
 a hint was never known,
 that he writ was all his own."
 I have heard another story,
 most confounded Tory ;
 "v, or he is much bely'd, 315
 "y dull before he dy'd."
 e the Drapier then forget ?
 r nation in his debt ?
 : that writ the Drapier's Letters !"—
 ould have left them for his betters ; 320
 t hundred abler men,
 depend upon his pen.—
 : you will about his reading,
 or can defend his breeding,
 his satires running riot, 325
 ver leave the world in quiet,
 g, when he took the whim,
 ty, camp,—all one to him.—
 hy would he, except he slobber'd,
 ur patriot, great Sir Robert ? 330
 ounsels aid the sov'reign pow'r
the nation ev'ry hour ?

" But eats into it like a ~~man~~,
 " Perhaps I may allow the Dean
 " Had too much satire in his vein,
 " And seem'd determin'd not to starve it,
 " Because no age could more deserve it :
 " Yet malice never was his aim ;
 " He lash'd the vice, but spar'd the name :
 " No individual could resent,
 " Where thousands equally were meant :
 " His satire points at no defect
 " But what all mortals may correct ;
 " For he abhorr'd that senseless tribe
 " Who call it humour when they gibe.
 " He spar'd a hump or crooked nose,
 " Whose owners set not up for beaux :
 " True genuine dulness mov'd his pity,
 " Unless it offer'd to be witty.
 " Those who their ignorance confest
 " Never offended with a jest ;

- " His friendships, still to few confin'd,
 " Were always of the middling kind;
 " No fools of rank, or mungrel breed,
 " Who fain would pass for lords indeed,
 " Where titles give no right or power,
 " And peerage is a wither'd flower :
 " He would have deem'd it a disgrace
 " If such a wretch had known his face.
 " On rural squires, that kingdom's bane,
 " He vented oft' his wrath in vain ;
 " — squires to market brought,
 " Who sell their souls and — for nought ;
 " The — go joyful back
 " To — the church, their tenants rack,
 " Go snacks with ****
 " And keep the peace to pick up fees ;
 " In ev'ry job to have a share,
 " A jail or t—np—e to repair,
 " And turn the — for public roads,
 " Commodious to their own abodes.
 " He never thought an honour done him,
 " Because a peer was proud to own him ;
 " Would rather slip aside, and chuse,
 " To talk with wits in dirty shoes ;
 " And scorn the tools with stars and garters,
 " So often seen caressing Chartres.
 " He never courted men in station,
 " Nor persons held in admiration ;
 " Of no man's greatness was afraid,
 " n's aid.

365

370

375

380

385

390

Tho' trusted long —
He gave himself no haughty —
Without regarding private ends,
Spent all his credit for his friends,
And only chose the wise and good,
No flatt'ers, no allies in blood;
But succour'd virtue in distress,
And seldom fail'd of good success,
As numbers in their hearts must own,
Who but for him had been unknown.
He kept with princes due decorum,
Yet never stood in awe before 'em.
He follow'd David's lesson just,
In princes never put his trust;
And, would you make him truly sour,
Provoke him with a slave in power.
The I—sh S——te if you nam'd,
With what impatience he declaim'd!
Liberty was all his cry;
And prepar'd to die;
Alone;

" Ingratitude he often found,
 " And pity'd those who meant the wound,
 " But kept the tenor of his mind, 425
 " To merit well of human-kind;
 " Nor made a sacrifice of those
 " Who still were true to please his foes.
 " He labour'd many a fruitless hour
 " To reconcile his friends in power; 430
 " Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
 " While they pursu'd each others' ruin;
 " But finding vain was all his care,
 " He left the court in mere despair.
 " And, oh ! how short are human schemes ! 435
 " Here ended all our golden dreams.
 " What St. John's skill in state affairs,
 " What Ormond's valour, Oxford's cares,
 " To save their sinking country lent,
 " Was all destroy'd by one event; 440
 " Too soon that precious life was ended
 " On which alone our weal depended.
 " When up a dang'rous faction starts,
 " With wrath and vengeance in their hearts,
 " By Solemn League and Cov'nant bound, 445
 " To ruin, slaughter, and confound;
 " To turn religion to a fable,
 " And make the government a Babel;
 " Pervert the laws, disgrace the gown,
 " Corrupt the s——te, rob the c——; 450
 " To sacrifice old E——d's glory,

“ Himself within the frown of Pow
“ Pursu’d by base envenom’d pens
“ Far to the land of S—— and fear
“ A servile race, in folly nurst,
“ Who truckle most when treated
“ By innocence and resolution
“ He bore continual persecution,
“ While numbers to preferment rose
“ Whose merit were to be his foes
“ When ev’n his own familiar frien
“ Intent upon their private ends,
“ Like renegadoes, now he feels,
“ Against him lifting up their heel
“ The Dean did by his pen defea
“ An infamous destructive cheat;
“ Taught fools their int’rest how to
“ And gave them arms to ward the
“ Envy hath own’d it was his doin:

; vile and profligate a villain
 modern Scroggs or old Tressilian ;
 ho long all justice had discarded. 485
 r fear'd he God, nor man regarded,
 w'd on the Dean his rage to vent,
 id make him of his zeal repent ;
 t Heav'n his innocence defends ;
 ie grateful people stand his friends : 490
 t strains of law, nor judges' frowh,
 r topics brought to please the c——,
 r witness hir'd, nor jury pick'd,
 evail to bring him in convict.
 In exile with a steady heart 495
 spent his life's declining part,
 here folly, pride, and faction sway,
 mote from St. John, Pope, and Gay."
 Alas, poor Dean ! his only scope
 as to be held a misanthrope ; 500
 his into gen'ral odium drew him,
 hich, if he lik'd, much good may't do him.
 s zeal was not to lash our crimes,
 t discontent against the times ;
 r had we made him timely offers 505
 raise his post, or fill his coffers,
 haps he might have truckled down,
 ce other brethren of his gown.
 r party he would scarce have bled :—
 ay no more—because he's dead— 510
 hat writings has he left behind ?—
 ear they're of a diff'rent kind :

A few in verse; but
 "Some high-flown pamphlets,
 "All scribbled in the worst of times,
 "To palliate his friend Oxford's crimes,
 "To praise Queen Anne, nay, more, defend her,
 "As never fav'ring the Pretender:—
 "Or libels yet conceal'd from sight,
 "Against the court to shew his spite.
 "Perhaps his Travels, part the Third,
 "A lie at ev'ry second word—
 "Offensive to a loyal ear:—
 "But—not one sermon, you may swear."
 "He knew an hundred pleasant stories,
 "With all the turns of Whigs and Tories;
 "Was cheerful to his dying day,
 "And friends would let him have his way:
 "As for his Works in verse or prose,
 "I own myself no judge of those;
 "Can I tell what critics thought 'er
 "Now, all people bought 'er
 "design'd,
 "kind;

Kingdom he hath left his debtor,
 it soon may have a better ;
 since you dread no further lashes,
 methinks you may forgive his ashes."

545

CASSINUS AND PETER.

A TRAGICAL ELEGY.

Written in the year 1731.

Two college sophs of Cambridge growth,
 Both special wits, and lovers both,
 Conferring as they us'd to meet,
 On love, and books, in rapture sweet,
 (Muse, find me names to fit my metre,
 Cassinus this, and t'other Peter)
 Friend Peter to Cassinus goes,
 To chat a while and warm his nose ;
 But such a sight was never seen,
 The lad lay swallow'd up in spleen :
 He seem'd as just crept out of bed,
 One greasy stocking round his head,
 The other he sat down to darn
 With threads of diff'rent-colour'd yarn ;
 His breeches torn, exposing wide
 A ragged shirt and tawny hide :
 Scorch'd were his shins, his legs were bare,
 But well embrown'd with dirt and hair :
 A rug was o'er his shoulders thrown ;
 A rug—for nightgown he had none :

5

10

15

20

Volume III.

F

ancient
I half unsmok'd, lay
him thus accoutred Peter found,
with eyes in smoke and weeping drown'd,
the leavings of his last night's pot
in embers plac'd, to drink it hot.

Why, Cassy ! thou wilt doze thy pate ;
What makes thee lie a-bed so late ?

The finch, the linnet, and the thrush,
Their mattins chant in ev'ry bush ;
And I have heard thee oft' salute
Aurora with thy early flute.

Heav'n send thou hast not got the hips !
How ! not a word come from thy lips ?

Then gave him some familiar thumps—
A college-joke to cure the dumps.

The swain at last, with grief oppress'd,
Cry'd, " Celia ! " thrice, and sigh'd the rest.
" Dear Cassy ! tho' to ask I dread,
—ask I must—Is Celia dead ? "

—were that the worst !

LANEOUS POEMS. 63
 ty's but a varnish,
 accident will tarnish ;
 ntriv'd to blast
 at might ever last :
 tion guess, 55
 vine express,
 eful charming maid
 on has betray'd.
 t'envenom'd dart
 r'd lover's heart." 60
 r ! tho' she seem'd so coy,
 the barber's boy."
 this I could excuse,
 has leave to chuse ;
 n to complain 65
 : deserving swain :
 l hast thou divin'd
 ocks all human-kind ;
 to female race,
 n should hide his face ; 70
 ou would apply——
 o despair and die,
 ns ! on my urn
 d sonnets burn ;
 ble grave these rhymes, 75
 after times ;
 by Celia slain,
 ver told his pain.
 world ! farewell. But, hark,
 ian triple bark. 80

" Her serpents hiss direct at me.
 " Begone ; unhand me, hellish fry :
 " Avaunt ! — ye cannot say 'tis I.
 " Dear Cassy ! thou must purge :
 " I fear thou wilt be mad indeed.
 " But now, by friendship's sacred la
 " I here conjure thee tell the cause,
 " And Celia's horrid fact relate ;
 " Thy friend would gladly share thy
 " To force it out my heart must r
 " Yet when conjur'd by such a frien
 " Think, Peter, how my soul it rac
 " These eyes, these eyes beheld the
 " Now bend thine ear, since out it r
 " But when thou seest me laid in du
 " The secret thou shalt ne'er impar

Nor to the chatt'ring feather'd race
 Discover Celia's foul disgrace :
 But if you fail, my spectre dread,
 Attending nightly round your bed ;
 And yet I dare confide in you ; 115
 So take my secret, and adieu.
 " Nor wonder how I lost my wits ;
 Oh ! Celia, Celia, Celia sh—— !" 118

A BEAUTIFUL

YOUNG NYMPH GOING TO BED *.

Written for the honour of the Fair Sex, in 1731.

MORINNA, pride of Drury-Lane,
 or whom no shepherd sighs in vain,
 ever did Covent-Garden boast
 o bright a batter'd strolling toast !
 o drunken rake to pick her up, 5
 o cellar where on tick to sup,
 eturning at the midnight-hour,
 our stories climbing to her bow'r,
 hen seated on a three-legg'd chair,
 takes off her artificial hair. 10

* This Poem, for which some have thought no apology could be offered, deserves, on the contrary, great commendation; as it much more forcibly restrains the thoughts and the young from the risk of health and life, by picking up a prostitute, than the finest declamation on the sickness of the appetite. *Hawkes.*

Now picking out
She wipes it clean, and lay-
Her eyebrows from a mouse's hide,
Stuck on with art on either side,
Pulls off with care, and first displays 'em,
Then in a play-book smoothly lays 'em.
Now dex'trously her plumpers draws,
That serve to fill her hollow jaws.
Untwists a wire, and from her gums
A set of teeth completely comes.
Pulls out the rags contriv'd to prop
Her flabby dugs, and down they drop.
Proceeding on, the lovely goddess
Unlaces next her steel-ribb'd bodice,
Which, by the operator's skill,
Press down the lumps, the hollows fill.
Up goes her hand, and off she slips
The bolsters that supply her hips.
With gentlest touch she next explores
Her issues, running sores

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

67

ill and the Compter dreams,
 he lash, and faintly screams;
 thless bully drawn,
 lge-tavern lies in pawn;
 ica seems transported, 45
 id by no planter courted;
 et-ditch's oozy brinks,
 with a hundred stinks,
 ms on watch to lie,
 ome cully passing by; 50
 with fear, her fancy runs
 en, constables, and duns,
 i she meets with frequent rubs,
 rom religious clubs,
 ur she is sure to find, 55
 pays them all in kind.
 wakes. A dreadful sight!
 ruins of the night!
 at her plaster stole,
 id dragg'd it to his hole; 60
 eye, alas! was miss'd,
 ad on her plumpers p-ss'd;
 ick'd up her issue-peas;
 her tresses fill'd with fleas.
 yph, tho' in this mangled plight, 65
 morn her limbs unite;

t longam incommitata videtur

—————

Virg.

MISCELLANEOUS

Now shall I describe her arts
 recollect the scatter'd parts?
 shew the anguish, toil, and pain,
 of gath'ring up herself again?
 The bashful Muse will never bear
 In such a scene to interfere.
 Corinna in the morning dizen'd
 Who sees will spue, who smells be poison'd.

70

STREPHON AND CHLOE *.

Written in the year 1731.

OF Chloe all the Town has rung,
 Every size of poets sung;
 A nymph appears
 In thousand years,
 With nicest care,

71

ELLANEOUS POEMS.

69

den, her shape and face,
 of no mortal race :
 nice, and so genteel ! 10
 liness from head to heel !
 ours gross or frowzy steams,
 some whiffs or sweaty steams,
 e, behind, above, below,
 d from her taintless body flow ; 15
 uld so discreetly things dispose,
 e ever saw her pluck a rose :
 e dearest comrades never caught her
 oat on her hams to make maid's water :
 ou'd swear that so divine a creature 20
 elt no necessities of nature.
 n summer had she walk'd the Town,
 der armpits would not stain her gown :
 At country-dances not a nose
 Could in the Dog-days smell her toes.
 Her milk-white hands, both palms and backs, 25
 Like iv'ry dry, and soft as wax :
 Her hands, the softest ever felt,
 Tho' cold would burn, tho' dry would melt.
 Dear Venus ! hide this wondrous maid,
 Nor let her loose to spoil your trade :
 While she engrosses ev'ry swain,
 You but o'er half the world can reign.
 Think what a case all men are now in,
 What ogling, sighing, toasting, vowing !
 What powder'd wigs ! what flames and darts
 What hampers full of bleeding hearts !

But Strephon
He blew a settlement along,
And bravely drove his rivals down
With coach and six, and house in
The bashful nymph no more with
Because her dear papa commands
The charming couple now unite
Proceed we to the marriage-rite:

Imprimis, at the temple-porch
Stood Hymen with a flaming torch
The smiling Cyprian goddess
Her infant Loves with purple
And pigeons billing, sparrow
Fair emblems of a fruitful war
The Muses next in order forth
Conducted by their 'squire
Then Mercury with silver
And Hebe, goddess ever young
And the bridegroom and

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS. 71

o make the matter sure,
 brought a priest demure.
 absent on pretence 65
 as not till nine months hence.
 s perform'd, the parson paid,
 urn'd the grand parade,
 huzzas from all the boys,
 the pair must crown their joys. 70
 the hardest part remains.
 ad long perplex'd his brains,
 so high a nymph he might
 nself the wedding night ;
 ew'd his person round, 75
 d flesh was all he found.
 his neck, his mouth and feet,
 wash'd to keep them sweet ;
 r parts that shall be nameless,
 else might think me shameless) 80
 r and his love were hot,
 l he struggle, I know what——
 go, if I must tell it——
 , and then the nymph may smell it :
 a goddess, dy'd in grain, 85
 ceptible of stain,
 s-like, her fragrant skin
 mbrosia from within.
 i deity endure
 uman touch impure ? 90

goddess of midwives.

Yet if the goddess

What endless raptures must he
And goddesses have now and then
Come down to visit mortal men
To visit and to court them too:
A certain goddess, God knows
(As in a book he heard it read)
Took Col'nel Peleus to her bed
But what if he should lose his
By vent'ring on his heav'nly wife
For Strephon could remember
That once he heard a schoolboy
How Semele, of mortal race,
By thunder died in Jove's embrace
And what if daring Strephon
By lightning shot from Chloë

ACT III. SCENE II.

they must in evil plight
 be forc'd to rise at night.
 them to wholesome food confin'd,
 then taste what causeth wind :
 his the sage of Samos means, 125
 giving his disciples beans *.)
 what evils must ensue !
 lo! the jade will burn it blue ;
 when she once has got the art,
 not help it for heart, 130
 it flies, ev'n when she meets
 the groom in the wedding-sheets.
 a diuretic † and diuretic ‡
 to keep all passion sympathetic ;
 love such nicety requires, 135
 but will put out all his fires.
 husbands get behind the scene,
 they should study to be clean,
 in the smallest room to guess
 when nature's wants of nature press ; 140
 for marriage practise more
 than she did before,
 for her spouse deluded still,
 let him fancy what she will.

Well-known precept of Pythagoras, not to eat beans,
 has been variously interpreted, and is supposed to
 have some allegorical meaning.

Beans to break wind.

Beans to provoke urine.

II.

G

In bed -
'Tis time to shew how
Strephon, who had been often told
That Fortune still assists the bold,
Resolv'd to make his first attack;
But Chloe drove him fiercely back.
How could a nymph so chaste as Chloe,
With constitution cold and snowy,
Permit a brutish man to touch her?
Ev'n lambs by instinct fly the butcher.
Resistance on the wedding-night
Is what our maidens claim by right;
And Chloe, 'tis by all agreed,
Was maid in thought, and word, and deed.
Yet some assign a diff'rent reason,
That Strephon chose no proper season.
Say, Fair ones! must I make a pause
Or freely tell the secret cause?
Twelve cups of tea (with grief I sp
constrain'd the nymph to l
be settled fir

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

75

ephon, who heard the fuming rill
from a mossy cliff distil,
cry'd out, "Ye Gods! what sound is this?"

175

Can Chloe, heav'nly Chloe! —
but when he smelt a noisome steam,
Which oft' attends that lukewarm stream,

180

Salerno * both together joins,
As sov'reign med'cines for the loins)
And tho' contriv'd, we may suppose,
To slip his ears, yet struck his nose;
He found her, while the scent increas'd,

185

As mortal as himself at least:
But soon with like occasions prest,
He boldly sent his hand in quest
(Inspir'd with courage from his bride)
To reach the pot on t'other side,
And as he fill'd the reeking vase,
Let fly a rouser in her face.

190

The little Cupids hov'ring round,
(As pictures prove) with garlands crown'd,
Abash'd at what they saw and heard,
Flew off, nor ever more appear'd.

195

Adieu to ravishing delights,
High raptures and romantic flights;
To goddesses so heav'nly sweet,
Expiring shepherds at their feet;

200

* *Vide Schol. Salern.* Rules of Health, written by the
School of Salerno.
Mingere cum bumbis res est saluberrima lumbis.

G ij

They soon from all constraint are free,
Can see each other do their need :
On box of cedar sits the wife,
And makes it warm for dearest life ;
And, by the beastly way of thinking,
Find great society in stinking.
Now Strephon daily entertains
His Chloe in the homeliest strains ;
And Chloe, more experienc'd grown,
With int'rest pays him back his own.
No maid at court is less asham'd,
How'er for selling bargains fam'd,
Than she to name her parts behind,
Or when a-bed to let out wind.
Fair Decency ! celestial maid !
Desend from heav'n to Beauty's aid

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

77

sell yourself to laughter,
 I what may come after,
 s vanish fast,
 : gross and filthy last.
 n! ere that fatal day 235
 stole your heart away,
 : thro' a cranny spy'd
 ease your future bride,
 stures of her face
 re gives in such a case, 240
 groanings, strainings, heavings,
 er you had lick'd her leavings,
 experience find too late
 is grown a filthy mate.
 then had always dwelt 245
 a saw, and what you smelt;
 the same ideas give ye,
 u spy'd her on the privy;
 of Chloe's charms divine,
 had been as whole as mine. 250
 es, both old and recent,
 women must be decent,
 he spouse each blemish hide,
 from all the world beside *.

as some writers pretend, be that which pro-
 ss, it must be granted, that to practise de-
 ral obligation; and if virtue consists in obe-
 w, as the nuptial laws enjoin both parties to
decency will still be duty, and the breach of
me degree of guilt. Hawkes.

'They take possession of the crown,
And then throw all their weapons down;
Tho' by the politicians' scheme,
Whoe'er arrives at pow'r supreme,
Those arts by which at first they gain it,
They still must practise to maintain it.
What various ways our females take
To pass for wits before a rake!
And in the fruitless search pursue
All other methods but the true.

Some try to learn polite behaviour,
By reading books against their Saviour;
Some call it witty to reflect
On ev'ry natural defect;
Some shew they never want explaining
To comprehend a double meaning.
But sure a tell-tale out of school
Is of all wits the greatest fool,

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

	79
der puppet-man inquire,	285
ly hides his wood and wire,	
eba's queen completely drest,	
mon in royal vest;	
them litter'd on the floor,	
on pegs behind the door,	290
exactly of a piece	
rain's Duke and Prince of Greece *.	
lent builder should forecast	
the stuff is like to last,	
fully observe the ground	295
on some foundation sound.	
se, when its materials crumble,	
inevitably tumble?	
fice can long endure	
a basis unsecure?	300
rtals ! ere you take a wife,	
your pile to last for life :	
ity scarce endures a day,	
h so swiftly glides away,	
you make yourself a bubble,	305
on sand with hay and stubble?	
se and wit your passion found,	
y cemented round.	
idence, with good nature, strive	
esteem and love alive ;	310

ne same reason many an handsome wife is ne-
 an homely mistress, who better knows her in-
 considers love as her trade. *Harukes.*

So could we see a set of new iscarions
Come headlong tumbling from their mitred
Each modern Judas perish like the first,
Drop from the tree with all his bowels
Who could forbear, that view'd each gui
To cry, Lo! Judas gone to his own pl
His habitation let all men forsake,
And let his bishopric another take.

ON MR. PULTENEY

BEING PUT OUT OF THE COUN

Written in the year 1731.

SIR Robert, weary'd by Will. Pulteney
Who interrupted him in all his leasings
Resolv'd that Will. and he should meet
Full in his face Bob shuts the council-c
Now lets him sit as justice on the bench,

LLANEOUS POEMS. 83

ur work is done but half,
 s his pen you are not safe.
 ole, and a dull one too, 15
 l when apply'd to you.
 ing escap'd pursuing hounds,
 into distant grounds,
 is artifices vain,
 e leap'd into the main; 20
 he could no safety find,
 sh had him in the wind.
 and, to avoid the foe,
 lter to the shades below.
 lay watching in his den; 25
 a Hare the Lord knows when)
 mastiff of the triple head;
 with double swiftness fled.
 th, and sea, and hell, he flies
 ings) for safety to the skies. 30
 rful animal distress!
 e fierce than all the rest;
 est of the heav'nly pack,
 h to seize him by the back.
 but first it cost him dear; 35
 ehind, and half an ear.
 Hare pursu'd, tho' free from guilt;
 lt thou be maul'd, fly where thou
 bin! of thy corpse beware; [wilt:
 f so nimble as as a Hare: 40
 is thy bulk to mount the sky,
 to hell before you die:

MISC.
o keen thy hunters, and
Thy turns and doublings cannot

TO MR. GAY *.

Written in the year 1731.

How could you, Gay, disgrace the Muses' train,
To serve a tasteless court twelve years in vain!
Fain would I think our female friend sincere,
Till Bob, the poet's foe, possess'd her ear.
Did female virtue e'er so high ascend,
To lose an inch of favour for a friend?
Say, had the court no better place to chuse
For thee, than make a dry-nurse of thee,
How cheaply had thy liberty been sold,
To 'squire a royal girl of two years old,
Leading-strings her infant steps to guide,
To go-cart amble side by side?
Alas and his glorious d:
Preserv'd thy f
-ly'd.

OUS POEMS. 85

he heart inflames
e Sultan's dames, 20

impotent and cold
lust of gold.

is fav'rites glow,
en ore below ;

l he thought it fit 25

appendage of wit,
er have been so blind
uman-kind.

n do it well,
mploy foretel. 30

observation right
ore my sight,

geer,

perfidious leer ;

devouring jaw, 35

esting-maw.

er to my view,

f reverse in you,

a rapid flood

teous streams of mud, 40

nate-house he plies,

udence, and lies.

ob. and you agree ;

s well as he.

o your charge, 45

perhaps enlarge :

ner blest,

the rest.

H

Next mention, —

With servants, tenants, and the neighbouring
Let all domestics feel your gentle sway,
Nor bribe, insult, nor flatter, nor betray:
Let due reward to merit be allow'd,
Nor with your kindred half the palace crowd;
Nor think yourself secure in doing wrong,
By telling noses with a party strong.

Be rich; but of your wealth make no parade,
At least before your master's debts are paid;
Nor in a palace, built with charge immense,
Presume to treat him at his own expense.
Each farmer in the neighbourhood can count
To what your lawful perquisites amount:
The tenants poor, the hardness of the times,
Are ill excuses for a servant's crimes.
— interest, and a premium paid beside,

ELLANEOUS POEMS.

approve the doctor's skill, 8
 before he gives the pill :
 'ric acts a safer part, 80
 ions wins the royal heart.
 lescribe the rav'nous breed :
 y negatives proceed.
 rd a trusty servant send 85
 ss to some neighb'ring friend,
 unless you serve a drone,
 s orders by your own.
 rious neighbour sink the boats,
 nds while your master dotes, 90
 cal rights entrench,
 with a brace of tench ?
 l his bad condition hide,
 r sooth his pride ;
 is timber sell, 95
 re him all is well ;
 l with humbler airs
 nplete your stairs ;
 es on half his lands,
 uineas in your hands. 100
 ways in your mind ;
 ninisterial kind
 his arts bewitch,
 ke one scoundrel rich,
 : undone a score, 105
 twenty more.
 en his tricks are found,
 e neighbours round ;

And would love his fav'rite better than

And trust his honesty just so much more.

Thus families, like realms, with equal fate 111

Are sunk by premier ministers of state.

Some, when an heir succeeds, go boldly on,

And as they robb'd the father rob the son.

A knave who deep embroils his lord's affairs

Will soon grow necessary to his heirs. 112

His policy consists in setting traps,

In finding ways and means, and stopping gaps :

He knows a thousand tricks whene'er he please,

Tho' not to cure yet palliate each disease.

In either case an equal chance is run, 113

For, keep or turn him out, my lord's undone.

You want a hand to clear a filthy sink ;

No cleanly workman can endure the stink.

A strong dilemma in a desp'rate case !

To act with infamy, or quit the place.

And thus, who scarce the nail can hit,

Make the nail and the hammer

s, perplexes all affairs,
 embroils than skill repairs : 140
 eir ends are just the same)
 leave the house in flame.
 minister of state
 ten years the public hate :
 question most in vogue 145
 ey turn out this odious rogue ?
 l in his highest pride ;
 ing on, old master dy'd :
 ow remain'd no room to doubt ;
 e minister is out. 150
 ore than one or two ;
 er ? or will you ? or you ?
 fice durst accept ;
 id all the plunder swept :
 he temper of the times, 155
 ation to his crimes.
 rv'd his dirty paws,
 lt to guess the cause ;
 such foul corruption round him,
 left him as they found him. 160
 dy sloven once has thrown
 ss, 'tis all his own. 162

TO DR. HELSHAM.

Nov. 23. 1731, at night.

I found myself of the grape's

I never abuse sick ;

H iij

Captain Duck

blue sick ;

Dean Cross, had he preach'd, would have
all pew-sick.

Are not you, in a crowd, when you sweat ;
sick ?

Lady Santry got out of the church when she g
And as fast as she could to the deanery flew
Miss Morice was (I can assure you 'tis tru
For who would not be in that numerous c
Such musick would make a fanatic or Jew
Yet ladies are seldom at ombre or loo sic
Nor is old Nanny Shales, whene'er she
sick,

My footman came home from the church
sick,

And look'd like a rake who was made in th
But you learned doctors can make who
sick ;

-161 I was, when I withdre

use, to be sure, stuck together like glue, sick. 2 5
 adies in crowds, when they squeeze and they
 screw, sick ;
 y find they are all, by their yellow pail hue,
 sick ;
 f, when tobacco, like Robin, I chew, sick.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Nov. 23. at Night.

ite any more it will make my poor Muse sick.
 ight I came home with a very cold dew sick,
 wish I may soon be not of an ague sick ;
 ope I shall ne'er be, like you, of a shrew sick,
 ften has made me, by looking askew sick. 5

LETTER TO DR. HELSHAM.

Pray discontinue what follows.

I.

lullest beast, and gentleman's liquor,
 young, is often due to the vicar.

II.

illest of beasts, and swine's delight,
 up a bird very swift of flight.

III.

illest beast when high in stature,
 ither of royal nature,
 eding is a useful creature.

5 }

The dullest beast, and
When too long, is bad at best.

V.

The dullest beast, and the saddle it wears,
Is good for partridge, not for hares.

VI.

The dullest beast, and kind voice of a cat,
Will make a horse go, tho' he be not fat.

VII.

The dullest of beasts and of birds in the air,
Is that by which all Irishmen swear.

VIII.

The dullest beast, and fam'd college for
Is a person very unfit for intrigues.

IX.

The dullest beast, and a cobbler's tool,
With a boy that is only fit for school,
In summer is very pleasant and cool.

X.

and that which y
- mis

XIV.

The dullest beast, and scandalous vermin,
If roast or boil'd, to the hungry is charming. 30

XV.

The dullest beast, and what's cover'd with crust,
There's no body but a fool that would trust.

XVI.

The dullest beast, mending highways,
Is to an horse an evil disease.

XVII.

The dullest beast, and a hole in the ground, 35
Will dress a dinner worth five pound.

XVIII.

The dullest beast, and what, doctors pretend,
The cook-maid often has by the end.

XIX.

The dullest beast, and fish for Lent,
May give you a blow you'll for ever repent. 40

XX.

The dullest beast, and a shameful jeer,
Without it a lady should never appear. 42

Wednesday night.

I writ all these before I went to bed. Pray explain
them for me, because I cannot do it.

A bishop who run d an the rest of the
And who is this bishop? and where do
Why, truly 'tis Satan, Archbishop of
And he was a primate, and he wore a
Surrounded with jewels of sulphur and
How nearly this bishop o'tr B——ps
But he has the odds, who believes and w
Could you see his grim Grace, for a pou
You'd swear it must be the baboon of
Poor Satan will think the comparison
I wish I could find him out one more c
But this I am sure, the Most Rev'ren
Has got on the bench many B——ps
And all men believe he presides there
To give them, by turns, an invisibl
Our B——ps, puft up with wealth:
To hell on the backs of the clergy w
They mounted and labour'd with whip
To gain——for the devil a person w

Commons unhors'd them, and this was their
loom,

: crosiers to ride, like a witch on a broom.

They gallopp'd so fast, on the road you may
find 'em,

we left us but three out of twenty behind 'em.

Alton's good Grace, Lord Car, and Lord
Howard,

25

of the devil would still be untoward :

none of good kindred, and could not endure

former companions should beg at their door.

Christ was betray'd to Pilate the Prætor,

ten apostles but one prov'd a traitor ;

30

tor alone, and faithful eleven,

can afford you six traitors in seven.

: a clutter with clippings, dividings, and

leavings !

: clergy, forsooth, must take up with their

ing divisions was all their intent, [leavings.

done it, we thank 'em, but not as they meant ;

may such B——ps for ever divide,

37

honest Heathen would be on their side.

ould we rejoice, if, like Judas the first,

glitters of parsons in sunder should burst ?

40

near an allusion.—A mitre, you know,

d above, but united below.

ou consider our emblem is right ;

——ps divide, but the clergy unite.

44

he bottom be split, our B——ps would dread

mitre would never stick fast on their head ;

**If your stockings were off you could shew
“ But hold,” cry the B—ps, “ and give
“ Before you condemn us, hear what
“ What truer affection could ever be sh
“ Than saving your souls by damning
“ And have we not practis’d all methods
“ With the tithe of the tithe of the tithe
“ Provided a fund for building you ’s
“ You are only to live four years without
Content, my good L—ds ! but let us ch
First take you our tithes, and give us
So God bless the church, and three of
And God bless the Commons for biting**

THE BEASTS' CONFESSION

TO THE PRIEST,

*Observing how most men mistake their own talents.**Written in the year 1752.*

THE PREFACE.

[HAVE been long of opinion that there is not a more general and greater mistake, or of worse consequences through the commerce of mankind, than the wrong judgments they are apt to entertain of their own talents. I knew a fluttering alderman in London, a great frequenter of coffeehouses, who, when a fresh newspaper was brought in, constantly seized it first, and read it aloud to his brother-citizens, but in a manner as little intelligible to the standers-by as to himself. How many pretenders to learning expose themselves by chusing to discourse on those very parts of science wherewith they are least acquainted! It is the same case in every other qualification. By the multitude of those who deal in rhymes, from half a sheet to twenty, which come out every minute, there must be at least five hundred poets in the city and suburbs of London; half as many coffeehouse orators, exclusive of the clergy; forty thousand politicians; and four thousand five hundred profound scholars; not to mention the wits, the railers, the smart fellows and critics; all as illiterate and impudent as a

Volume. III.

beau, to make a figure before women
with hump-backs, others hardly five
every feature of their faces distorted
many of these insipid pretenders enter
conversation with persons of learning, commit
the grossest blunders in every sentence
conveying one single idea fit for a rati-
spend a thought on; perpetually confound
chronology and geography even of
compute that London hath eleven millions
beau and puppy-kind for one amor
besides two-thirds of ours transplanted
are now naturalized; whereby that
tal exceeds ours in the article of du-
one; and, what is more to our furth-
there is not one distinguished fool of
cation who makes any noise in that
lis. unless the London prints be v

THE BEASTS' CONFESSION, &c.

Advertisement.

THE following Poem is grounded upon the universal folly of mankind in mistaking their talents; by which the Author doth a great honour to his own species, almost equalling them with certain brutes; wherein, indeed, he is too partial, as he freely confesseth; and yet he hath gone as low as he well could, by specifying four animals, the Wolf, the Ass, the Swine, and the Ape, all equally mischievous, except the last, who outdoes them in the article of cunning; so great is the pride of Man!

WHEN Beasts could speak, (the learned say
They still can do so ev'ry day)
It seems they had religion then,
As much as now we find in men.
It happen'd when a plague broke out,
Which therefore made them more devout)
The king of brutes (to make it plain,
Of quadrupeds I only mean)
By proclamation gave command
That ev'ry subject in the land
Should to the Priest confess their sins;
And thus the pious Wolf begins.

" Good father! I must own with shame
" That often I have been to blame:
" I must confess on Friday last,
" Wretch that I was! I broke my fast;
" But I defy the basest tongue
" To prove I did my neighbour wrong,
" Or ever went to seek my food
" By rapine, theft, or thirst of blood."

20

Sometimes -

And might perhaps be too severe :
But yet, the worst that could be said,
He was a wit both born and bred ;
And if it be a sin or shame,
Nature alone must bear the blame ;
One fault he hath, is sorry for't,
His ears are half a foot too short,
Which could he to the standard bring,
He'd shew his face before the king :
Then for his voice, there's none disputes
That he's the nightingale of brutes.

The Swine with contrite heart allow'd
His shape and beauty made him proud ;
In diet was perhaps too nice,
But gluttony was ne'er his vice ;
In every turn of life content,

rictness of his morals
 in a hundred quarrels :
 he was griev'd to see't,
 sometimes indiscreet :
 virtues too severe 55
 apted times to bear ;
 and licentious age
 excuse a Stoic's rage.
 advanc'd with decent pace,
 us'd his youthful face ; 60
 begg'd that he appear'd
 ire's fault) without a beard :
 was not much inclin'd
 for the female kind ;
 enemies object, 65
 or natural defect,
 rigid constitution,
 sious resolution ;
 made a holy vow
 as monks do now, 70
 solv'd to keep for ever hence,
 oo as doth his Reverence.
 tale, and you shall find
 suits with human-kind.
 we own, but can you guess, 75
 irtue's carried to excess ?
 our vanity endows us,
 foe nor friend allows us.
 ver swears, you may rely on't,
 eez'd a needy client ; 80

And
For which his
His conscience always was
He freely gave the poor advice,
By which he lost, he may affirm,
An hundred fees last Easter term.
While others of the learned robe
Would break the patience of a Job,
No pleader at the bar could match
His diligence and quick dispatch;
Ne'er kept a cause, he well may boast,
Above a term or two at most.
The cringing Knave, who seeks a place
Without success, thus tells his case :
Why should he longer mince the matter ?
He fail'd because he could not flatter ;
He had not learn'd to turn his coat,
And a party give his vote :
And was understood,
And :

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.	103
by merit to promotion :	
e chimeric notion.	
or, if you will believe him,	
sin ; and, God forgive him !	
midnight, ran to save	115
beggar from the grave :	
Satan spreads his snares !	
got to say his pray'rs.	
elp it for his heart	
o act the parson's part ;	120
the Bible many a sentence,	
his patients to repentance ;	
is med'cines do no good,	
ir minds with heav'nly food ;	
owever well intended,	125
clergy are offended,	
so bold behind his back,	
hypocrite and quack.	
hurch he keeps a seat,	
efore and after meat,	130
ithout affecting airs,	
ld twice a-day to pray'rs.	
othecaries' shops,	
o cram the sick with slops ;	
o make his art a trade,	135
ny Lady's fav'rite maid :	
eepest would never hire	
end him to the 'squire,	
s, whom he will not name,	
ractis'd to their shame.	140

The nation's good, --
Without regard to Whig or Tory,
Were all the schemes he had in view,
Yet he was seconded by few :
Tho' some had spread a thousand lies,
'Twas he defeated the Excise ;
'Twas known, tho' he had borne aspersion,
That standing troops were his aversion :
His practice was, in ev'ry station,
To serve the king and please the nation.
Tho' hard to find in ev'ry case
The fittest man to fill a place,
His promises he ne'er forgot,
But took memorials on the spot :
His enemies, for want of charity,
Said he affected popularity ;
'Tis true the people understood
That all he did was for their good ;
Their kind affections he has try'd ;
-- either side.

And grant him license to retire,
 It hath long been his desire,
 By fair accounts it would be found
 He's poorer by ten thousand pound.
 He owns, and hopes it is no sin, 175
 He ne'er was partial to his kin;
 He thought it base for men in stations
 To crowd the court with their relations:
 His country was his dearest mother,
 And ev'ry virtuous man his brother: 180
 Thro' modesty or awkward shame,
 (For which he owns himself to blame)
 He found the wisest men he could,
 Without respect to friends or blood;
 Nor ever acts on private views, 185
 When he hath liberty to chuse.

The Sharper swore he hated play,
 Except to pass an hour away;
 And well he might, for, to his cost,
 By want of skill he always lost: 1
 He heard there was a club of cheats,
 Who had contriv'd a thousand feats;
 Could change the stock, or cog a dye,
 And thus deceive the sharpest eye:
 No wonder how his fortune sunk,
 His brothers fleece him when he's drunk.

I own the moral not exact;
 Besides, the tale is false in fact;
 And so absurd, that could I raise up
 From fields Elysian fabling Æsop,

I would accuse him to his face
For libelling the four-foot race:
Creatures of ev'ry kind but our's
Well comprehend their nat'ral pow'r
While we, whom reason ought to save
Mistake our talents ev'ry day.
The Ass was never known so stupid
To act the part of Tray or Cupid,
Nor leap upon his master's lap,
There to be stroak'd and fed with p
As Æsop would the world persuade
He better understands his trade;
Nor comes whene'er his lady whistle
But carries loads, and feeds on thistle
Our Author's meaning, I presume,
A creature *bipes et implumis**;
Wherein the moralist design'd
A compliment on human kind.

hould they want the privilege of men,
 e some small diversions now and then?
 men been the makers of our laws,
 why they were not I can see no cause)
 n should slave at cards from morn till night,
 nale pleasures be to read and write. 3

POEMS WRITTEN BY DR. SWIFT.

*ded by the present of a Paper Book from the
 of Orrery, and a Silver Standish from Dr.
 y, 1733.*

ER Book is sent by Boyle,
 tly gilt for me to soil;
 sends a Silver Standish,
 no more a pen can brandish:
 around my tomb be plac'd, 5
 hies of a Muse deceas'd;
 the friendly lines they writ
 e of long-departed wit,
 'd on their side in columns,
 my praise than all my volumes, 10
 st with envy, spite, and rage,
 ndals of the present age. 12

FELLOW-CHRISTIANS

*So familiarly used by the advocates for
the Test Act in Ireland*.*

Written in the year 1733.

AN inundation, says the fable,
O'erflow'd a farmer's barn and stable
Whole ricks of hay and stacks of corn
Were down the sudden current borne
While things of heterogeneous kind
Together flote with tide and wind :
The gen'rous wheat forgot its pride,
And sail'd with litter side by side,
Uniting all, to shew their amity,
As in a general calamity :
A ball of new-dropt horse's dung,
Rolling with apples in the throng

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS. 109

pippin plump and prim,
 her, how we apples swim!
 mb, renown'd for cutting corns, 15
 æ from Radcliffe scorns :
 æ world !—We doctors, Brother,
 e no fees of one another."
 Dean some curate sloven
 Dear Sir ! Your brother loving : 20
 e footmen, shoeboys, porters,
 James's, cry We courtiers :
 ce in the House will prate,
 : ministers of state :
 bar that blockhead B——, 25
 crown o'er pays his sweat's worth,
 s in law nor text nor margent,
 :ton his Brother Serjeant :
 anatic saints, tho' neither in
 r discipline our brethren, 30
 r Protestants and Christians
 : Hebrews and Philistines ;
 ther sense than Nature
 . rat our fellow-creature.
 our body suck their food, 35
 se your flesh and blood ?
 of human filth and sweat, it
 l be said man did beget it ;
 ts in your nose and chin
 y claim you for their kin. 40
 s may object, Why not ?
 e brethren to a Scot,
 Z,

While o'er the land
To call a swarm of lice his Brethren
As Moses, by divine advice,
In Egypt turn'd the dust to lice;
And as our sects by all descriptions
Have hearts more harden'd than Eg
As from the trodden dust they spring
And turn'd to lice infest the king;
For pity's sake it would be just
A rod should turn them back to dust
Let folks in high and holy static
Be proud of owning such relations
Let courtiers hug them in their bosoms
As if they were afraid to lose 'em
While I, with humble Job, had
Say to Corruption—Thou'rt my
For he that hath so little wit
To nourish vermin may be bit.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

III

iversal Passion, Pride,
known to spread so wide.

! could you ever boast

5

in an age at most ?

g climate hardly bears

bays in fifty years,

r fool his claim alleges,

w in common hedges.

10

n can there be assign'd

verseness in the mind ?

out where their talents lie :

not attempt to fly ;

l horse will oft' debate

15

ies a five-barr'd gate ;

nstinèt turns aside,

he ditch too deep and wide ;

find the only creature

y folly, combats Nature ;

20

she loudly cries, Forbear,

nacy fixes there,

his genius least inclines,

ends his whole designs.

re to the rising sun

25

conduct, fortune, won ;

wisdom in debates

g laws to govern states ;

sciences profound,

grasp the circle round,

30

ly influence require

strike the Muse's lyre.

K ij

ELLANEOUS POEMS. 113

comes pat in ;
 e a month to fatten,
 than half an hour
 lf a score devour.
 enty days 65
 f pence and praise,
 vn the critic's prey,
 r a dish of tea ;
 heard of more,
 ickens went before. 70
 v attempter learn
 s to discern ?
 ish which is which,
 scribbling itch ?
 experienc'd sinner 75
 young beginner.
 f, and if you find
 e urge your mind,
 thin your breast
 can manage best ; 80
 ius most inclines
 or hum'rous lines ;
 urnful tone,
 rom hand unknown ;
 Aurora's light, 85
 l, sit down to write ;
 insert, refine,
 , interline ;
 . invention fails,
 ead and bite your nails. 90

You print it in *Italic* type :
When letters are in vulgar shapes,
'Tis ten to one the wit escapes ;
But when in Capitals exprest,
The dullest reader smokes the jest :
Or else perhaps he may invent
A better than the poet meant,
As learned commentators view
In Homer more than Homer knew.

Your poem in its modish dress,
Correctly fitted for the press,
Convey by penny-post to Lintot,
But let no friend alive look into't.
If Lintot thinks 'twill quit the cost,
You need not fear your labour lost :
And how agreeably surpris'd
Are you to see it advertis'd !
The hawker shews you one in prin

CELLANEOUS POEMS. 115

thoughts as low and little,
 wallow down your spittle :
 politician,
 y beget suspicion ;
 udgment of the Town, 125
 self to run it down ;—
 ond paternal pride,
 ne weaker side :
 without a name
 e or justly blame ; 130
 e no partial views,
 ow whom they abuse ;
 ne'er provok'd their spight,
 their judgment's right.
 you are undone, 135
 a risk you run ;
 credit all at once,
 mark you for a dunce ;
 r'el Grubstreet sends
 our's with foes and friends, 140
 bear the whole disgrace,
 blockhead takes your place.
 ept, your poem sunk,
 ires to line a trunk,
 lispos'd to rhyme, 145
 nd a second time.
 yet Safe's the word ;
 and attempt a third :
 are employ your thoughts
 ark'd your former faults ; 150

Or where we find your fury set
Against the harmless alphabet;
On A's and B's your malice vent
While readers wonder whom you
A public or a private robber,
A statesman or a South-Sea jobber
A pr-l-te, who no God believes;
A p—m—t or den of thieves;
A pickpurse at the bar or bench,
A duchess or a suburb-wench;
“ An House of P—rs, a gaming
“ A griping ——— or a Jew.”
Or oft', when epithets you link
In gaping lines to fill a chink,
Like stepping-stones to save a strid
In streets where kennels are too wide
Or like a heel-piece to support
A cripple with one foot too short :

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS. 117

inhabitable downs
 nts for want of towns.
 you miss your third essay,
 ot throw your pen away.
 ide all thoughts of fame, 185
 nore profitable game.
 -merit seek support;
 erse thrives best at court:
 ou ever have the luck
 lmost as ill as Duck; 190
 u never learn'd to scan verse,
 ith some lampoon on D'Anvers.
 in Sir Bob's defence
 fail to bring in pence:
 ern'd about the sale, 195
 workmen on the nail.
 biessings of the nation,
 he whole administration:
 nch of E——ps round;
 n rail, bid —— confound: 200
 haters answer thus,
 ogic us'd by us)
 ey don't believe in ——,
 Protestants—thou liest.
 the moment he is crown'd, 205
 y virtue round,
 of the sov'reign pow'r,
 aubles in the Tow'r;
 valiant, just, and wise,
 inues till he dies: 210

And each p—

Is fully at his death confuted.

The loads of poems in his praise,

Ascending, make one funeral blaze

His panegyrics then are ceast ;

He grows a tyrant, dunce, or beast

As soon as you can hear his knell,

This god on earth turns d—l in hel

And, lo ! his ministers of state,

Transform'd to imps, his levee wa

Where, in the scenes of endless wo

They ply their former arts below :

And as they sail in Charon's boat

Contrive to bribe the judge's vote.

To Cerberus they give a sop,

His triple barking mouth to stop ;

Or in the iv'ry gate of dreams *

Project Excise and South-Sea sch

Or hire their party-pamphleteers

the same

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.	119
m'd into a garland sweet,	
ly at your monarch's feet,	240
the odours reach his throne,	
e, and think them all his own ;	
nd gospel doth determine	
s lodge in royal ermine ;	
he oracles of both,	245
I depose it upon oath.)	
land in the following reign,	
ut the names, will do again.	
you think this trade too base,	
eldom is the dunce's case)	250
: critic's brow, and sit	
: the puny judge of wit.	
shrug, a scornful smile,	
tion us'd, may serve a while :	
o farther in your part	255
u learn the terms of art,	
an never be too far gone	
modern critics' jargon :	
: with more authentic face	
; in time and place ;	260
s of Horace from your friends,	
them at your fingers' ends ;	
istotle's Rules by rote,	
l hazards boldly quote ;	
Rymer oft' review,	265
nnis, and profound Bossu :	
he prefaces of Dryden,	
our critics much confide in,	

Will magisterially outshine us.
Then, lest with Greek he over-run
Procure the book for love or mon
Translated from Boileau's transla
And quote quotation on quotation.

At Will's you hear a poem read
Where Battus from the table-seat
Reclining on his elbow-chair,
Gives judgment with decisive air
To whom the tribe of circling w
As to an oracle submits :
He gives directions to the Town
To cry it up and run it down ;
Like courtiers when they send a
Instructing members how to vote
He sets a stamp of bad and good,
Tho' not a word be understood.
Your lesson learn'd, you'll be sec
To get the name of Conscience

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

121

by their pecks of coals,
 just nine thousand souls :
 their proper districts govern,
 humour judges sov'reign. 300
 treet a city bard
 an alderman, his ward ;
 uted rights extend
 the lane from end to end ;
 bours round admire his shrewdness 305
 of loyalty and lewdness ;
 oy none in rhyming well,
 never learn'd to spell.
 ord'ring wits contend for glory,
 is Whig and one is Tory ; 310
 for epics claims the bays,
 for elegiac lays :
 'd for numbers soft and smooth,
 spoke in Punch's booth ;
 e as justly fame extols 315
 lines in Smithfield drolls.
 Wapping gains renown,
 ivius reigns o'er Kentish Town ;
 plac'd in Phœbus' car,
 dgate shines to Temple-bar ; 320
 ous Cibber entertains
 t with annual birthday strains ;
 Gay was banish'd in disgrace,
 ope will never show his face,
 ounge must torture his invention 325
 knaves or lose his pension.

III.

L

THE GREAT

In garrets high, or under groun
And when they join their peric
Out skips a book of Miscellani
Hobbes clearly proves that ev'
Lives in a state of war by natu
The greater for the smaller wi
But meddle seldom with their
A whale of mod'rate size will
A shoal of herrings down his
A fox with geese his belly cra
A wolf destroys a thousand l
But search among the rhymin
The brave are worried by the
If on Parnassus' top you sit,
You rarely bite, are always b
— of inferior size

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

125

Every poet in his kind
 By him that comes behind,
 Is too little to be seen,
 To sear and gall, and give the spleen;
 To maces, fools, and sons of whores,
 360 To bustle at each other's doors;
 To beat the Greek and Roman masters,
 To rise our modern poetasters;
 As in, as many an ancient bard did,
 365 As Ennius is no more rewarded;
 As long a taste prevails among us;
 As much our ancestors outsung us;
 As to sonate an awkward scorn
 To those who are not poets born,
 370 As to their brother-dunces lash,
 To crowd the press with hourly trash.
 To bustle street! how do I bemoan thee,
 To graceless children scorn to own thee;
 To filial piety forgot,
 375 To their country like a Scot,
 To their idiom and grimace
 To soon betray their native place;
 To you hast greater cause to be
 'D of them than they of thee,
 380 To hate from their ancient brood,
 To first the court allow'd them food.
 To gains a difficulty still,
 To chase fame by writing ill.
 To reckon down to Howard's time
 385 To have reach'd the low sublime.

THE HOLLOW TREE
Great poet of the Hollow Tree !
But, ah ! how unsecure thy throne !
A thousand bards thy right disown
They plot to turn, in factious zeal,
Duncinea to a common-weal,
And with rebellious arm pretend
An equal priv'ledge to descend.

In bulk there are not more degre
From elephant to mites in cheese,
Than what a curious eye may trace
In creatures of the rhyming race.
From bad to worse and worse they
But who can reach to worst of all
For tho' in nature depth and heig'
Are equally held infinite,
In poetry the height we know ;
'Tis only infinite below.
For instance ; when you rashly

... isolated sin

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

125

'Loncanen, more aspiring bard !
 oars downwards deeper by a yard.
 'mart Jemmy Moor with vigour drops, 415
 'he rest pursue as thick as hops ;
 'ith heads to points; the gulf they enter,
 'ink'd perpendicular to the centre,
 'nd as their heels elated rise,
 'eir heads attempt the nether skies. 420
 O what indignity and shame,
 'o prostitute the Muse's name !
 ' flatt'ring k—s, whom Heav'n design'd
 'ie plagues and scourges of mankind,
 'ed up in ignorance and sloth, 425
 'nd ev'ry vice that nurses both.
 " Perhaps you say Augustus shines,
 Immortal made in Virgil's lines,
 And Horace brought the tuneful quire
 To sing his virtues on the lyre, 430
 Without reproach for flattery, true,
 Because their praises were his due :
 For in those ages k——s we find
 Were animals of human-kind,
 ' But now go search all E-r--pe round 435
 ' Among the savage monsters——
 ' With vice polluting every th--ne
 ' (I mean all ——s except our own)
 ' In vain you make the strictest view
 ' To find a —— in all the crew 440
 ' With whom a footman out of place
 ' Would not conceive an high disgrace,

“ Each proper quality to find
“ Adapted to an human mind,
“ A mingled mass of good and b
“ The best and worst that could
“ Then from a clay of mixture b
“ He shap'd a —— to rule the r
“ Endu'd with gifts from ev'ry l
“ That best the ** nature suit.
“ Thus think on ——s, the nan
“ Hogs, asses, wolves, baboons,
“ To represent in figure just,
“ Sloth, folly, rapine, mischief,
“ Oh ! were they all but Neb-
“ What herds of ——s would t
Fair Britain ! in thy monarch
Whose virtues bear the strictes
Whom never faction could bes
Nor minister nor poet flatter.

Hydaspes, Indes, and the Ganges*,
 Dread from his hand impending changes :
 From him the Tartar and Chinese, 47!
 Short by the knees entreat for peace †;
 The consort of his throne and bed,
 A perfect goddess born and bred,
 Appointed sov'reign judge to sit
 On learning, eloquence, and wit. 48
 Our eldest hope, divine Iulus,
 (Late, very late, O may he rule us !)
 What early manhood has he shown,
 Before his downy beard was grown !
 Then think what wonders will be done 48!
 By going on as he begun,
 An heir for Britain to secure
 As long as sun and moon endure.
 The remnant of the royal blood
 Comes pouring on me like a flood; 49
 Bright goddesses, in number five ;
 Duke William, sweetest prince alive !
 Now sing the minister of state ‡,
 Who shines alone without a mate.
 Observe with what majestic port 49!
 This Atlas stands to prop the court,

* — Super et Garamantas et Indos
 Proferet imperium, &c.

— Jam nunc et Caspia regna
 Responsis horrent divum, &c.

† Genibus minor, &c.

‡ Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford.

Like p...
Thou great vicar
Thy praises ev'ry Muse sing
In all affairs thou sole director,
Of wit and learning chief protector !
Tho' small the time thou hast to spend
The church is thy peculiar care.
Of pious prelates what a stock
You chuse to rule the sable flock
You raise the honour of the peer
Proud to attend you at the steer
You dignify the noble race,
Content yourself with humbler
Now learning, valour, virtue,
To titles give the sole pretence
St. George beheld thee with
Vouchsafe to be an azure knight
thy breast and s
1 stir

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS. 129

l his bards bestow'd 525

nany a thousand load,

mortify'd his pride,

he fawning rascals ly'd :

: world refus'd to Lewis,

George exactly true is. 530

! invidious Poet !

ousand times below it.

me now some lines if you can,

, Martial, Ovid, Lucan ;

all pow'r in heav'n divide, 535

wrong to either side :

you how to split a hair,

e and Jove an equal share*.

ould we be lac'd so strait ?

m—n—ch butter weight. 540

good ; for many a year

ntermeddled here ;

s priests be duly paid,

desire his aid :

! better do without him,

ston gave us arms to route him. 546

Cetera desiderantur.

um imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet.

*it reflects the utmost most anaaction
an indignity upon their Highness
comparing them to a woman.*

WRITTEN BY DERMOI

CHIEF CAP OF HOI

Written in the year

PRESUMPTUOUS Bard! how
A woman with a cloud compare
Strange pride and insolence you
Inferior mortals there below :
And is our thunder in your ears
So frequent or so loud as theirs
Alas ! our thunder soon goes on
And only makes you more devo
Then is not female clatter worse
That drives you not to pray, bu
We handle them !

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

131

ritic may object, perhaps, 15
 ds are blam'd for giving claps ;
 ;, alas ! are claps ethereal,
 d for mischief, to venereal ?
 ds give buboes, ulcers, blotches,
 your noses dig out notches ? 20
 : the body sweet and sound ;
 'tis true, but never wound.
 now a cloudy sky bespeaks
 her when the morning breaks ;
 en in a cloudy plight 25
 storm to last till night.
 id in proper seasons pours
 ings down in fruitful show'rs ;
 an was by Fate design'd
 down curses on mankind. 30
 Lyrius o'er the welkin rages,
 lly help his fire asswages ;
 an is a curs'd inflamer ;
 a ducking-stool can tame her :
 e strife Dame Nature taught her ; 35
 -works she can burn in water.
 kleness how durst you blame us,
 our constancy are famous ?
 e a cloud in gentle weather
 same face an hour together, 4
 omen, if it could be reckon'd,
 ev'ry feature ev'ry second.
 re our figure in a morning,
 or fair we give you warning ;

Jove dress'd a cloud in Juno's name,
Which when he had enjoy'd, he swor
No goddess could have pleas'd him n
No diff'rence could he find between
His cloud and Jove's imperial queen :
His cloud produc'd a race of Centaur
Fam'd for a thousand bold adventure
From us descended *ab origine*,
By learned authors call'd *Nubigenæ*.
But say, what earthly nymph do you
So beautiful to pass for Juno ?

Before Æneas durst aspire
To court her Majesty of Tyre,
His mother begg'd of us to dress h
That Dido might the more caress h
A coat we gave him dy'd in grain,
A flaxen wig and clouded cane,
(The wig was powder'd round wit
The fall in clouds beneath his fi

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS. 133

her in a gold brocade, 75

no's fav'rite maid.

wn that Socrates the wise

clouds as deities ;

made his daily pray'rs,

hanes declares ; 80

er took all dominion,

defending his opinion.

ority 'tis plain

p other gods in vain ;

our own experience know 85

all things there below :

where we please to guide ;

ir passions we preside,

em up or sink them down,

fit to smile or frown ; 90

we dispose your brain

dull, rejoice, complain.

us then to female race !

m all the gods give place !

challenge your allegiance, 95

dwell in higher regions.

ie gods in Homer dwell

streams, or low as hell ;

und Mercury his pimp

limb than Mount Olymp, 100

es you think the clouds he pierces ?

ie clouds ! He kiss their a—es)

'er Teneriffa plac'd,

by a mile at least ;

7.

M

Fate never told us we should
In vehicles they mount the sky.
When Jove would some fair nym
He comes full gallop on his eagle
Tho' Venus be as light as air,
She must have doves to draw her
Apollo stirs not out of door
Without his lacker'd coach and /
And jealous Juno, ever snarling,
Is drawn by peacocks in her ber
But we can fly where'er we plea
O'er cities, rivers, hills and seas
From east to west the world we
And in all climates are at home
With care provide you as we g
With sunshine, rain, and hail
The fools I

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

'Tis but by our peculiar grace
That Phoebus ever shews his face ;
For when we please we open wide
Our curtains blue from side to side,
And then how saucily he shows
His brazen face and fiery nose,
And gives himself a haughty air,
As if he made the weather fair.

'Tis sung wherever Celia treads,
The vi'lets ope their purple heads,
The roses blow, the cowslip springs ;
'Tis sung, but we know better things.
'Tis true, a woman on her mettle
Will often p—ss upon a nettle ;
But tho' we own she makes it wetter,
The nettle never thrives the better ;
While we by soft prolific show'rs
Can ev'ry spring produce you flow'rs.

Your poets, Chloe's beauty height'ning,
Compare her radiant eyes to lightning ;
And yet I hope 'twill be allow'd
That lightning comes but from a cloud.

But gods, like us, have too much sense
At poets' flights to take offence ;
Nor can hyperboles demean us ;
Each drab has been compar'd to Venus.

We own your verses are melodious,
But such comparisons are odious.

DESCRIPTION,

OF THE LEGION-CLUB, 1735.

As I stroll the city, oft' I
See a building large and lofty,
Not a bowshot from the college,
Half the globe from sense and knowledg
By the prudent architect
Plac'd against the church direct,
Making good my grandame's jest,
Near the church—You know the rest.
Tell us what the pile contains ;
Many a head that holds no brains.
These demoniacs let me dub
With the name of Legion-club.
O ! how might you swear.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

137

he devil upon the roof
 devil be thunder-proof)
 with poker fiery-red 25
 he stones and melt the lead,
 hem down on ev'ry scull,
 the den of thieves is full,
 destroy that harpies' nest,
 aight then our isle be blest ! 30
 ines allow that God
 nes makes the devil his rod ;
 e Gospel will inform us
 punish sins enormous.
 should Swift endow the schools 35
 lunatics and fools
 a rood or two of land,
 the pile may stand..
 erhaps will ask me, Why so ?
 is with this proviso ; 40
 he house is like to last
 oyal grant be past,
 he Club have right to dwell
 vithin his proper cell,
 a passage left to creep in, 45
 hole above for peeping.
 them, when they once get in,
 e nation for a pin ;
 they sit a-picking straws,
 m rave of making laws ; 50
 they never hold their tongue,
 a dabble in their dung ;

Call for the orders of the ———,
Let them with their gosling quills
Scribble senseless heads of bills :
We may, while they strain their throats
Wipe our a—s with their ———

Let Sir ———, that rampant ass,
Stuff his guts with flax and grass,
But before the priest he fleeces
'Tear the Bible all to pieces.
At the parsons, Tom, halloo, boy,
Worthy offspring of a shoeboy,
Footman, traitor, vile seducer,
Perjur'd rebel, brib'd accuser ;
Lay thy p—v—ge aside,
Sprung from Papist regicide,
Fall a working like a mole,
Dig a hole for your own hole

: gods who rule the soul*,
 ro' hell whose waters roll,
 e allow'd to tell 85
 heard in yonder cell.
 he door an entrance gapes†,
 round with antic shapes,
 and Grief, and Care,
 s Joy, and true Despair, 90
 periwig'd with snakes,
 breadful strides she takes.
 s odious crew beset,
 to rage and fret,
 olv'd to break their pates †, 95
 nter'd at the gates,
 Clio in the nick
 'd me, Lay down your stick.
 ," said I, " is this the madhouse ?"
 ," she answer'd, " are but shadows, 100
 oms bodiless and vain,
 y visions of the brain."
 porch Briareus stands;
 bribe in all his hands*‡,
 the secretary, 105
 nortals call him C——
 e rogues their country fleece,
 y hope for pence a-piece,

uibus imperium est animarum, &c.

mihi fas audita loqui

Virg. lib. iv.

ibulum ante ipsum, &c.

Ibid.

docta comes, &c.

Ibid.

tum geminus Briareus, &c.

Ibid.

" First in ev'ry wicked job,
 " Son and brother to a queer
 " Brainsick brute they call a p
 " We must give them better q
 " For their ancestor trod mort
 " And at H——th, to boast h
 " On a chimney cut his name.
 " There sit **, **, and H
 " How they swagger from the
 " Such a triplet could you tel
 " Where to find on this side
 " H——n, and ——, and —
 " Keeper, see they have their
 " Ev'ry mischief's in their b
 " If they fail 'tis want of pa
 " ————n | art t

CELLANEOUS POEMS. 143

s thy mother,
 vine thy brother ; 200
 lient varlet,
 or like an harlot !
 al to thy teachers,
 own rev'rend preachers !
 l it not surprise one ? 205
 hment to poison !
 among your books,
 ou with their looks ;
 or from their shelves
 own to right themselves : 210
 t, Virgil, Flaccus,
 are to back us :
 put to slaughter
 d Roman author.
 r faction's phrase 215
 all to graze ?
 our project pass,
 a blade of grass ?
 hee hum'rous Hogart !
 pleasant rogue art ; 220
 and I acquainted,
 hould be painted :
 your graving tools
 roup of fools ;
 as I describe them 225
 res, while I gibe them ;
 for I assure ye
 car'atura ;

“ WITH THE NOISE, THE SIGHT, ———
“ Pray be patient ; you shall find
“ Half the best are still behind :
“ You have hardly seen a score,
“ I can shew two hundred more.”
“ Keeper, I have seen enough.”
Taking then a pinch of snuff,
I concluded, looking round 'em,
May their god, the d—l, confound '
Take them, Satan, as your due,
All except the Fifty-two.

THE
E AND GENUINE CHARACTER

THE REVEREND DR. SWIFT, D. S. P. D.

Written by himself.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Verses on the Death of Dr. Swift, written by himself, being very much inquired after by his Friends, many of whom pretended to have genuine copies, although he never suffered any of them to take one, the following was published with breaks, dashes, and trits, (which the Author never made use of) to disguise his manner of writing; by which, however, they were deceived, although the genuine one was not published until the year 1739: but, in order to oblige the reader, we published the following, (although he would not own it) which the best judges allow hath many strokes of wit and humour.

TO THE READER.

A poetical account of the Life and Character of the Rev. Dr. Swift, celebrated through the world for his many ingenious writings, was coined by a maxim of Rochefoucault, and is now published from the author's last correct copy, being dedicated by the publisher to Alexander of Twickenham, Esq.

TO ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

OF TWICKENHAM, IN THE COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX.

You have been long an intimate friend of the Author of the following Poem, I thought you would be displeased with being informed of some part of it. III.

N

happened above a year before he
was written by small pieces, just
mour allowed him.

He shewed some parts of it to sever
when it was completed he seldom
of it to any visitor; so that, prob
perused by fifty persons; which
practice, many people judged, like
had a desire to make the people of
to see it published, and at the sa
point them; for he never would
grant a copy, and yet several li
by memory, and are often repeate
It is thought that one of his serv
had great confidence, and who

TO ALEX. POPE, ESQ.

147

rior judge and poet) who are well acquainted with the Author's style and manner, and I allow it to be the genuine, as well as perfected and correct, his particular genius in every line, together with his peculiar thinking and writing. |

I am very sorry to offend the Dean, although I am a stranger to his person; but since the Poem shall probably be soon printed, either here, or in London, I take myself to have the best title to send it to press, and I shall direct the printer to commit as few errors as possible. I am, Sir, with most respectful

your most obedient,

and most humble servant,

L. M.

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF DR. SWIFT.

Upon a Maxim in Rochefoucault.

Rochefoucault a Maxim writ,
Of Malice, truth, and wit :
He says he not a joke,
But are strange kind of folk.

N ij

“ We oft’ are laughing in our sleeve
And when I think upon’t, this minute
I fancy there is something in it.

We see a comrade get a fall,
Yet laugh our hearts out one and all

Tom for a wealthy wife looks round
A nymph that brings ten thousand ;
He no where could have better pick’d
A rival comes, and Tom—is nick’d
See how behave his friends profest,
They turn the matter to a jest ;

Loll out their tongues, and thus the
“ Poor Tom has got a plaguy baul

I could give instances enough
That human friendship is but stuff.

Whenever a flatt’ring buddy cries

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

149

ve to pass in public view · 35
 a better man than you ?
 doubt, would pow'rful prove,
 the better of your love :
 please your palate, like a feast,
 m mortify'd at least.—— 40
 ue, we talk of friendship much,
 are they that can keep touch ?——
 ndship in two breasts requires
 aversions and desires :
 I should have, when I complain, 45
 feeling of my pain.
 r experience, oft' we find
 ls are of a diff'rent mind ;
 I tortur'd with the gout,
 ugh to see me make a rout, 50 }
 'themselves could walk about.
 suppose two special friends,
 to poetry pretends ;
 ther poet take it well
 ie other bore the bell ?—— 55
 for the chiefest reckon'd,
 ass only for the second ?——
 you are sick, your friends, you say,
 their Howd'ye's ev'ry day :
 it gives you small relief—— 60
 d for manners—not for grief :——
 a dy'ed would fail to go
 ing to a puppet-show :——

“ Poor man! he went all on a sud
“ H’as dropp’d, and giv’s the cro
“ What money was behind him fr
“ I hear about two thousand pour
“ ’Tis own’d he was a man of wi
“ Yet many a foolish thing he wri
“ And sure he must be deeply lea
“ That’s more than ever I discern
“ I know his nearest friends com
“ He was too airy for a Dean.—
“ He was an honest man, I’ll sw
“ Why, Sir, I differ from you th
“ For I have heard another story
“ He was a most confounded To
“ Yet here we had a strong repo
“ That he was well received at c

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

151

I think, for all your jokes,
as good as other folks."——
ve the Drapier then forget? 95
· nation in his debt?
that writ the Drapier's Letters."——
l have left them for his betters:
in hundred abler men,
depend upon his pen.—— 100
you will about his reading,
r can defend his breeding,
is satires running riot,
ver leave the world in quiet——
; when he took the whim, 105
y, camp, all one to him.——
y should he, except he slobber'd,
ir patriot, great Sir Robert!
ounsels aid the sov'reign pow'r,
he nation ev'ry hour? 110
nes of evil he unravels,
libels, lying Travels!
ng his own clergy-cloth,
into it like a moth."——
akes mankind bad as elves, 115
they may thank themselves:
n ever be abash'd,
e ridicul'd or lash'd."
hance to make a slip,
ht had he to hold the whip?" 120
ent it who's to blame?
knew you nor your name.

“ Merely to gratify their spite;
“ Thus did the Dean; his only scope
“ Was to be held a misanthrope :
“ This into gen’ral odium drew him,
“ Which if he lik’d, much good may’
“ This gave him enemies in plenty,
“ Throughout two realms nineteen in
“ His zeal was not to lash our crimes
“ But discontent against the times :
“ For had we made him timely offer
“ To raise his post or fill his coffers,
“ Perhaps he might have truckled down
“ Like other brethren of his gown.
“ For party he would scarce have ble
“ I say no more—because he’s dead.
“ But who could charge him to hi

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.	153
Popish and fanatic zeal r foes to Britain's weal. : would of our faith bereave us— ur monarchy would leave us—	155
: vile fanatic crew, i'd church and monarch too." ing these reflections just, d indulge the Dean's disgust, the factious tribe carets'd,	160
s of the church distress'd— ns of the good old cause sit, in making laws ; malignant of the herd way to be preferr'd—	165
chers find a better quarter g at the Royal Martyr. swarms of sects, with grief, he saw, ur'd than the church by law ; Protestant too good a name	170
ig hypocrites to claim, otestation hides a sting ve to the church and king ; ight as well, in his opinion, n Atheist or Socinian.	175
estant's a special clinker ; or sceptic and freethinker ; for stubble, hay, and wool ; thing—but what it should." ritings has he left behind?"	180
're of a different kind :	

“ 10 p—

“ To praise Queen Anne,

“ As never fav’ring the Pretender—

“ Or libels, yet conceal’d from sig

“ Against the court, to shew his s

“ Perhaps his Travels, Part the 7

“ A lie at ev’ry second word,

“ Offensive to a loyal ear—

“ But—not one sermon, you m

“ Sir, our accounts are diff’re

“ And your conjectures are not

“ ’Tis plain his Writings were

“ To please and to reform man

“ And if he often miss’d his a

“ The world must own it, to t

“ The praise is his, and their

“ Then since you dread no

“ Give his

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,
FROM 1689 TO 1739, WITHOUT DATE.

THE ELEPHANT:

OR, THE PARLIAMENT-MAN.

Written many years since.

TAKEN FROM COKE'S INSTITUTES.

ERE bribes convince you whom to chuse,
The precepts of Lord Coke peruse.

Observe an Elephant," says he,
And let like him your member be.

First take a man that's free from gall,
For Elephants have none at all;

In flocks or parties he must keep,
For Elephants live just like sheep;

In honour he must be,
For Elephants ne'er bend the knee:

Fast, let his memory be sound,
Which your Elephant's profound,

That old examples from the wise
May prompt him in his Noes and Ayes."

Thus the Lord Coke hath gravely writ,
The form of lawyers' wit,

When with Latin, and all that,
The comparison is pat.

In some points my Lord is wrong;
Both are sold, and t'other's tongue;

5

10

15

20

US POEMS.

God knows,
f shows,
sense
ier pence.
crown,
ay it down :
on their back
attacks,
gesture,
'ry tester.
n'd,
nam'd ;
re sold ;
take the gold

O MR. P



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

157

III.

icks of letters, tho' design'd
se who more will need 'em,
'd with hints, and interlin'd,
f can hardly read 'em. 10

IV.

om, by some other struck,
ns and motions tries,
a lump together stuck,
a poem rise ! 15

V.

he Dean his share allot,
ns it by a canon,
without which a thing is not,
usa sine qua non." 20

VI.

Pope, in vain you boast your wit;
l our deaf divine
r your conversation fit,
d not writ a line.

VII.

ate thus for preaching fam'd
kton reason'd well, 25
stly half the merit claim'd,
e he rang the bell. 28

PALLAS grew vap'rish once, and
She would not do the least right
Either for goddess or for god,
Nor work, nor play, nor paint, n

II.

Jove frown'd, and, " Use (he cr
" So skilful, and those hands se
" Do something exquisite and w
She bow'd, obey'd him, and cut

III.

This vexing him who gave her
Thought by all heav'n a burnin
What does she next, but bids o
Her Burlington do just the sam

IV.

16

THE STORM:

MINERVA'S PETITION.

LAS, the goddess chaste and wise,
 Sending lately from the skies,
 Neptune went, and begg'd in form
 To give his orders for a Storm;
 Storm to drown that rascal—
 And she would kindly thank him for't;
 Wretch! whom E—gl—h rogues to spite her,
 Had lately honour'd with a m—tre.
 The god, who favour'd her request,
 Assur'd her he would do his best;
 But Venus had been there before,
 Pleaded the b—p lov'd a w—,
 And had enlarg'd her empire wide,
 Nor own'd a deity beside;
 By sea or land if e'er you found him
 Without a mistress, hang or drown him.
 Since B—'s death the —'s bench
 Till — arriv'd ne'er kept a wench;
 If he must sink, she grieves to tell it,
 She'll not have left one single prelate;
 For to say truth she did intend him
 Elect of Cyprus *in commendam*.
 Then Proteus urg'd the same request,
 But half in earnest, half in jest;
 "Great Sovereign of the main!
 O ij

“ He knows to sail with ev ry wind ;
“ Or throw him overboard, he'll ride
“ As well against as with the tide.
“ But, Pallas, you've apply'd too late,
“ For 'tis decreed by Jove and Fate
“ That I——d must be destroy'd,
“ And who but —— can be employ'd
“ You need not then have been so per
“ In sending B——lt——n to Cl——f——t ;
“ I found you did it by your grinning
“ Your bus'ness is to mind your spirit
“ But how you came to interpose
“ In making b——ps, no one knows.
“ And if you must have your petition
“ There's B——k——y in the same corner
“ Look, there he stands, and 'tis bu

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS. 161

id him swear, blaspheme, and damn 55
 ry moment take a dram)
 ly visage with an air
 ation and despair;
 me hiding hole he seeks,
 he rest should say he squeaks ; 60
 —k * did before,
 o perish with his wh—;
 : raves, and roars, and swears,
 for shame would say his pray'rs.
 you see his spirits sink, 65
 downwards in a st—k ?
 sight as this can please ye,
 s. Pallas ! pray be easy ;
 me speak, and he'll consent ;
 come back the knave he went." 70
 ess, who conceiv'd an hope
 — was destin'd to a rope,
 :st to condescend
 oe to save a friend ;
 B—k—y might be scar'd,
 Virtue for a guard. 76

PLACE OF THE DAMNED.

who pretend to religion and grace,
 s a Hell, but dispute of the place ;

F—k was drowned coming from Eng-

Damn'd poets, damn'd

damn'd knaves,

Damn'd senators brib'd, damn'd prostitutes

Damn'd lawyers and judges, damn'd lords

damn'd 'squires ;

Damn'd spies and informers, damn'd friars

damn'd liars ;

Damn'd villains corrupted in every station

Damn'd time-serving priests all over the n

And into the bargain I'll readily give you

Damn'd ignorant prelates and councillors

Then let us no longer by parsons be flamm

For we know by these marks the Plu

Damn'd ;

And Hell to be sure is at Paris or Rome

How happy for us that it is not at home

But you must know he was not quite
 So grave as to be unpolite;
 Thought human learning would not lessen
 The dignity of his profession;
 And if you'd heard the man discourse,
 Or preach, you'd like him scarce the worse.
 He long had bid the court farewell,
 Retreating silent to his cell,
 Suspected for the love he bore
 To one who sway'd some time before,
 Which made it more surprising how
 He should be sent for thither now.

10

15

20

The message told, he gapes and stares,
 And scarce believes his eyes or ears:
 Could not conceive what it should mean,
 And fain would hear it told again.
 But then the 'squire so trim and nice,
 'Twere rude to make him tell it twice;
 So bow'd, was thankful for the honour,
 And would not fail to wait upon her.
 His beaver brush'd, his shoes, and gown,
 Away he trudges into town,
 Passes the lower castle-yard,
 And now advancing to the guard,
 He trembles at the thoughts of state;
 For, conscious of his sheepish gait,
 His spirits of a sudden fail'd him;
 He stopt, and could not tell what ail'd him
 What was the message I receiv'd?
 Why, certainly the Captain rav'd.



What must in unhappy dream
“ Is Capt. Cratch’rode here *,
Nay, then ’tis time for me to go
Am I awake, or do I dream?
I’m sure he call’d me by my name
Nam’d me as plain as he could
And yet there must be some mistake
Why, what a jest should I have
Had now my Lady been within
What could I’ve said? I’m mistaken
She went abroad—she’d thought
The hour of dining now is past
Well, then, I’ll e’en go home again
And since I ’scap’d being married
I think I’m very fairly off.
My Lady now returning home

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.	165
could not chuse but wonder ;	65
1, I fear you've made some blunder :	
pray, to-morrow go at ten,	
his manners once again ;	
ness be th' effect of knowledge,	
1 shall never see a college."	70
captain was a man of reading,	
h good sense as well as breeding,	
th to blame or to incense,	
in his own defence.	
another message brought ;	75
or, frighten'd at his fault,	
l, and stealing thro' the crowd,	
as death, then blush'd and bow'd,	
-and falt'ring—humm'd and ha'd :	
ship was gone abroad ;	80
ain too—He did not know	
he ought to stay or go ;	
ie'd forgive him. In conclusion,	
, pitying his confusion,	
r good nature to relieve him ;	85
she thought she might believe him,	
ld not only grant his suit,	
him and eat some fruit ;	
at a proper time,	
ie real truth in rhyme.	90
no purpose to oppose,	
r of no excuse in prose.	
or stood not to debate,	
npound at any rate ;	

So bowing, seemingly comply'
Tho' if he durst he had deny'd.
But first resolv'd to shew his ta
Was too refin'd to give a feast;
He'd treat with nothing that wa
But winding walks and purer ai
Would entertain without expen
Or pride or vain magnificence;
For well he knew to such a gue
The plainest meals must be the
To stomachs clogg'd with costly
Simplicity alone is rare,
Whilst high, and nice, and curi
Are really but vulgar treats:
Instead of spoils of Persian loo
The costly boasts of regal room
Thought it more courtly and

CELLANEOUS POEMS.	167
as'd at all she sees,	125
ling of the trees ;	
speak for want of breath,	
itigu'd to death.	
as his hint from hence,	
late offence :	130
mighty pow'r of use	
y pleads in my excuse.	
d, have scarcely strength	
walk's untoward length ;	
at a scene so rude,	135
suse of solitude ;	
id to fires and screens,	
: waving of these greens ;	
ong have breath'd the fumes	
and crowded rooms,	140
tously shun	
r and dazzling sun ;	
c eye you flee,	
: excuse and pity me.	
t it is to bear	145
l courtier's witty sneer ;	
portant man of dress	
college awkwardness ;	
utting cornet's sport,	
gauntlet of the court,	150
way by slow approaches,	
s of coxcombs and of coaches,	
: fierce cockaded centry,	
: tribe of waiting gentry ;	

“ And can I then be faulty found
“ In dreading this vexatious round?
“ Can it be strange if I eschew
“ A scene so glorious and so new!
“ Or is he criminal that flies
“ The living lustre of your eyes?”

TIM AND THE FABLE

FROM THE TENTH INTELLIGENCE

My meaning will be best unravell'd
When I premise that Tim has travell'd
In Lucas's by chance there lay
The Fables writ by Mr. Gay.
Tim set the volume on a table,

SCCELLANEOUS POEMS.	169
t figure with the print,	15
ev'ry feature in't,	
: squeeze, the rump, the fidge, and all,	
ok'd in the original.	
ys Tim, (and let a f—)	
: understood his art :	20
copy, I'll say that for't ;	
mber when I sat for't.	
ce, as first I knew it ;	
: dress the painter drew it."	
: likeness deeply smitten,	25
what underneath was written,	
le with moral grave.	
n to storm and rave ;	
l villain ! now I see	
t libel meant at me :	30
oblers grow so bold of late	
ministers of state !	
ites as he deserve——	
I say) they ought to 'starve."	
no more such angry speeches,	35
id let down your breeches ;	
tale, and wipe your a—,	
ove to act a farce.	

N JACKSON'S PICTURE

CUT ON PAPER.

*v Betty Dan sat for his Picture,
r to draw him so oft' as he piqu'd her ;*
P

And cuts out his cone
Dan sat with attention, and saw
How she lengthen'd his chin, ho
But flatter'd himself with a secre
That his thin leathern jaws all be
Lady Betty observ'd it, then pul
And varies the grain of the stuff
And to make roasted silk to rese
She rais'd up a thread to the jet
'Till at length in exactest propo
From the crown of his head to 1
And if Lady Betty had drawn 1
'Tis certain the copy had outdo
" Well, that's but my outside
vapour.
" Sav you so?" says my Lad

But still were wanting his grimalkin eyes,
 For which grey worsted stocking paint supplies.
 Th' unravell'd thread thro' needle's eye convey'd,
 Transferr'd itself into his pasteboard-head.
 How came the scissars to be thus outdone? 10
 The needle had an eye, and they had none.
 O wond'rous force of art! now look at Dan——
 You'd swear the pasteboard was the better man.
 "The devil," says he, "the head is not so full——"
 "Indeed it is, behold the paper-scul." 15

THO. S——N sculp.

ANOTHER.

DAN's evil genius in a trice
 Had stripp'd him of his coin at dice;
 Chloe observing this disgrace,
 On Pam cut out his rueful face;
 "By G——," says Dan, "'tis very hard,
 "Cut out at dice, cut out at card!" 6

G. R——D sculp.

ON THE FOREGOING PICTURE.

I.

WHILST you three merry poets traffic
 To give us a description graphic
 Of Dan's large nose in modern Sapphic,

Or whined
Or murmuring at
III.

But when I would find rhyme for
And look in English, French, an
At last I'm fairly forc'd to botch

IV.

Bid Lady Betty recollect her,
And tell who was it could dire
To draw the face of such a spe

V.

I must confess that as to me,
Tho' I ne'er saw her hold the
I now could safely swear it is

VI.

'Tis true no nose could com
A vast subject stuff'd wi
handle, non

IX.

three poets now are drudging all, 25
 e the cheeks, chin, nose, the bridge, and all,
 the Picture and original.

X.

e's length and fame extend
 fear Dan! that ev'ry friend
 ho shall have it by the end. 30

XI.

ure poets, as they rise,
 d with envy and surprise,
 e outshining Celia's eyes. 33

DAN JACKSON'S AN

*My verse is little better you'll find than my face
A word to the wise, ut pictura poesis.*

THREE merry lads, with envy stung
Because Dan's face is better hung,
Combin'd in verse to rhyme it down
And in its place set up their own,
As if they'd run it down much better
By number of their feet in metre,
Or that its reddid cause their spite,
Which made them draw in black and
Be that as 'twill, this is most true,
They were inspir'd by what they drew
Let then such critics know, my face

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

175

I yet much more that half name-sake
ould join a party in the freak:

25

sure I am it was not safe
is to abuse his better half,
I shall prove you, Dan, to be
isim and conjunctively;

30

if Dan love not sherry, can
rry be any thing to Dan?
is is the case, whenc'er you see
n makes nothing of sherry,
should Dan be by sherry o'erta'en,
en Dan would be poor Sheridane;
s hard then he should be decry'd

35

Dan with Sherry by his side;
t if the case must be so hard,
at faces suffer by a card,
t critics censure, what care I?
ckbiters only we defy,
ces are free from injury.

40

43

DAN JACKSON'S REPLY.

WRITTEN BY THE DEAN,

In the name of Dan Jackson.

WEARY'D with saying grace and pray'r
hasten'd down to country air,
read your Answer, and prepare

Reply to't.

Can mean any,
And all that stuff of toilette, &

But be't as 'twill, this you m
That you're a daub, whilst I
Then which of us two is the q

I value not your jokes of noon
Your gibes, and all your foul
More than the dirt beneath m

Yet one thing vexes me, I o
Thou sorry scarecrow of sk
To be call'd lean by a skelet

'Tis true, indeed, to curry f
To praise to mak

177

ow where you flee and laugh,
 I call Dan my better half:
 re you think you have me safe!
 but hold, Sir;
 t penny often found
 uch greater than a pound?
 r good leave, my most profound
 and bold Sir,
 ooble mettle, Sherry base;
 's the better, tho' the less:
 ce of gold's worth ten of brass,
 dull pedant.
 our spelling, let me see,
 makes sher, and RI makes ry;
 pelling-master! your cranny
 has lead in't.

IN DAN JACKSON'S NAME.

: days for answer I have waited,
ht an ace you'd ne'er have bated ;
t thou forc'd to yield, ill-fated
poetaster ?
orth acknowledge that a nose
dimension's fit for prose ;
ty one that knows Dan knows
thy master.

And flying think to you
By clapping billets on your door

Thy ruin, Tom, I never mean
I'm griev'd to hear your ban
But pleas'd to find you do re

I maul'd you when you look'd
But now I'll secret keep you
For know prostration is eno

SHERIDAN'S S

WRITTEN BY

Cedo jam, miseræ cognoscens pra
... .. unless, ego vapi

SCCELLANEOUS POEMS.

179

I fought, still cut me down,
vanquish'd fled the town, 5
laid me hard on.

II.

rough'd, I cry Peccavi,
te, supplicate *pour ma vie* ;
I rely on.
conqu'ror and my king, 10
, as in punishing,
ourself a lion.

III.

had no design,
varily drawn in,
ie'er had any ; 15
amn'd 'squire with the hard name ;
o that ow'd me a shame,
d Delany ;

IV.

d me t'attack your Highness,
with wonted wile and slyness, 20
: in the lurch.
etch ! for now I ween
left to vent my spleen
nd birch ;

V.

las ! yield small relief, 25
to renew my grief,
bled all anew ;



TOM and **Dick** had equal ta
And both had equal knowle
Tom could write and spell b
But **Dick** had seen the colleg

II.

Dick a coxcomb, **Tom** was
And both alike diverting ;
Tom was held the merrier l
But **Dick** the best at farting

III

Dick would cock his nose i
But **Tom** was kind and lo
Tom a footboy bred and b
But **Dick** was from an ove

IV

Dick could neatly dance a

VI.

ould move with lordly grace,
mbly skip the gutter;
ould talk with solemn face,
k could better sputter.

VII.

as come to high renown
 & commenc'd physician;
 as held by all the town
 peer politician.

VIII.

nd the genteeler swing,
could nicely put on ;
new better how to swing
e upon a button.

IX.

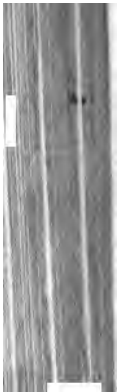
r repartee was fit,
om for deep discerning ;
as thought the brighter wit,
m had better learning.

X.

ith zealous Noes and Ayes
oar as loud as Stentor ;
Iouse 'tis all he says ;
m is eloquenter.

DICK A MAGGOT.

*'n from rooting in a bin,
ter'd o'er from tail to chin,
III.* Q



You cannot blanch his canvas
For 'tis beyond the power of
The gipsey vissage to conce
For as he shakes his wainsc
Down ev'ry mealy atom drop
And leaves the tartar phiz, i
Like a fresh t——d just dro

DICK'S VA

DULL uniformity in fools
I hate, who gape and sneer
You, Mullinix, and slobb'r
Who ev'ry day and hour th
That vulgar talent I despis

18 POEMS.

183

15

art,
 out a shirt,
 to say,
 ill as they.
 where,
 hey dare ;
 e assizes
 i disguises,
 e Swedes at Bender,
 he Pretender.
 nd dance, and frisk,
 so brisk ;
 y the ears
 ouse of Peers ;
 Lady Eustace,
 i her new stays.
 h t'other hop
 barber's shop ;
 nber thrusting
 circle just in,
 od, that in the rear
 tory there ;
 y Lord Lieutenant,
 im, and again, on't.

20

25

30

35

38

I.

FOULEST brute that stinks
Why in this **Brown** dost thou
For wouldst thou make a fou
Thou must go naked all the
Fresh from the mud a wallow
Would then be not so **Brown**

II.

'Tis not the coat that looks s
His hide emits a foulness out ;
Not one jot better looks the s
Seen from behind a dirty clout
So t——ds within a glass inch
The glass will seem as brown

III.

Thou now one heap of foulne

exalted bodies are,
 ll'd and as black as thine.
 rt in a cart, I fear
 uldst be pelted worse than they're.

V.

we see thee thus array'd,
 bours think it is but just.
 i shouldst take an honest trade,
 dy carry out the dust.
 y houses who will doubt,
 ck cries, Dust to carry out?

25

30

made for women who cry Apples, &c.

APPLES.

iy my fine wares,
 pples, and Pears,
 d a penny,
 nce too many :
 ll you have any ?
 ren are seven,
 m in heaven ;
 nd's a sot,
 pipe and his pot,
 hing will gain 'em,
 1st maintain 'em.

5 }

10

ASPARAGUS.

aragrass,
 or lass,



COME, follow me by the smel
Here's delicate Onions to sell;
I promise to use you well.
They make the blood warmer
You'll feed like a farmer ;
For this is ev'ry cook's opin:
No sav'ry dish without an On
But lest your kissing should
Your Onions must be th'rou
Or else you may spare
Your mistress a share,
The secret will never be kno
She cannot discover
The breath of her lover,
But think it as sweet as her

Your stomach they settle,
 And rouse up your mettle :
 They'll make you a dad
 Of a lass or a lad ; 10
 And Madam your wife
 They'll please to the life :
 Be she barren, be she old,
 Be she slut or be she scold,
 Eat my Oysters and lie near her,
 She'll be fruitful, never fear her. 16

HERRINGS.

Be not sparing
 Leave off swearing :
 Buy my Herring
 Fresh from Malahide *,
 Better ne'er was try'd. 5
 Come eat 'em with pure fresh butter and mustard,
 Their bellies are soft, and as white as a custard.
 Come, sixpence a dozen to get me some bread,
 Or, like my own Herrings, I soon shall be dead. 9

ORANGES.

Come buy my fine Oranges, sauce for your veal,
 And charming when squeez'd in a pot of brown ale :
 Well roasted with sugar and wine in a cup,
 They'll make a sweet bishop when gentefolks sup. 4

** Malahide, about five miles from Dublin, famous for
 rings.*



And yet so strong, thou triumph
Thy traps are laid with such
They catch the cautious, let th
Most nets are fill'd by want of
But too much thinking brings
Where, held by thee, in slavery
And throw the pleasing part o
But what does most my indig
Discretion ! thou wert ne'er a f
Thy chief delight is to defeat t
By which he kindles mutual fl
While the blind loit'ring god
Thou steal'st his golden points
Those darts which never fail ;
Convey'st malignant arrows t
The headless god, everlasting

That Venus cannot reconcile her sons ;
 When one appears away the other runs.
 The former scales, wherein he us'd to poise
 Love against love, and equal joys with joys, 30
 Are now fill'd up with avarice and pride,
 Where titles, power, and riches, still subside.
 Then, gentle Venus ! to thy father run,
 And tell him how thy children are undone ;
 Prepare his bolts to give one fatal blow,
 And strike Discretion to the shades below. 36

The following lines were wrote upon a very old glass

OF SIR ARTHUR ACHESON'S.

FRAIL Glass ! thou mortal art as well as I,
 Tho' none can tell which of us first shall die. 2

ANSWERED EXTEMPORE

BY DR. SWIFT.

VE both are mortal ; but thou, frailer creature,
 Lay'st die, like me, by chance, but not by nature. 2

VERSES

SAID TO BE WRITTEN ON THE UNION.

THE Queen has lately lost a part
 Of her entirely-English heart,
 For want of which, by way of botch,
 Piec'd it up again with Scotch.



Should bundle thistles up w
Who ever yet a Union saw
Of kingdoms without faith
Henceforward let no statesm
A kingdom to a ship comp
Lest he should call our com
A vessel with a double keel
Which, just like our's, new
And got about a league fro
By change of wind to leew
The pilot knew not how to
So tossing faction will o'er
Our crazy double-bottom'd

CATULLUS I

v hang me, but for all her art
 and that I have gain'd her heart. 4
 proof is this, I plainly see
 : case is just the same with me ;
 urse her every hour sincerely,
 : hang me but I love her dearly. 8

MR. JASON HASSARD,

A WOOLLEN-DRAPER IN DUBLIN,

up the sign of the Golden Fleece, and desired a motto in verse.

SON, the valiant Prince of Greece,
 in Colchos brought the Golden Fleece ;
 comb the wool, refine the stuff ; 3
 modern Jasons that's enough.
 ! could we tame yon' watchful Dragon *,
 Jason would have less to brag on. 6

THE

'THOR'S MANNER OF LIVING.

rainy days alone I dine
 n a chick and pint of wine ;
 rainy days I dine alone,
 I pick my chicken to the bone :
 this my servants much enrages ; 5
 : scraps remain to save board-wages.

* England.

Now enters Bush * with
His Lordship's premier r
And who in all profound
Is held as needful as his

With head reclining on
He deals and hears myst

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

193

l King Phyz and good King Ush *,	
the rest stood gaping round.	
gth a spark, not too well bred,	25
rd face and ear acute,	
on tiptoe, lean'd his head,	
ear the grand dispute ;	
n what northern kings design,	
Whitehall some new express,	30
sarm'd, or fall of coin ;	
thought he, it can't be less.	
rd," said Bush, " a friend and I,	
'd in two old thread-bare coats,	
rning's dawn stole out to spy	35
arkets went for hay and oats."	
hat he draws two handfuls out,	
was oats, the other hay ;	
to's Excellency's snout,	
s he would the other weigh.	40
rd seems pleas'd, but still directs	
ans to bring down the rates ;	
h a congée circumflex	
iling round on all, retreats.	
at'ner stood a while confus'd,	45
ring spirits, wisely ran for't,	
o see the world abus'd	
uch whispering kings of Brentford !	48

* *Vide* The Rehearsal.



Jove ever form'd to make a
The ladies vow and swear th
Whether it be a truth or lie.

Love's fire, it seems, like
Works in my Lord by stool
Which brings a stink from
And from behind and from
Yet, what is wonderful to tel
None but the fav'rite Nymph
But now to solve the nat'ral
By sober philosophic laws,
Whether all passions, when i
Work out as anger does in v
So when a weasel you torment
You find his passion by his s
We read of Kings who in a

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

195

a you feel an hard-bound breech,
 Love's bowstring at full stretch,
 and looseness comes, and then
 the bow relax'd again.
 Now the ladies all are bent
 on the great experiment;
 us of a regent's heart,
 all their charms to catch a f—;
 ng the first unsav'ry wind,
 ly before, and some behind.
 ord on fire amidst the dames,
 like a laurel in the flames.
 air approach the speaking part,
 y the backway to his heart;
 is when we a gun discharge,
 o' the bore be ne'er so large,
 ore the flame from muzzle burst,
 at the breech it flashes first;
 from my Lord his passion broke,
 f—ted first, and then he spoke.
 The ladies vanish in the smother,
 o confer notes with one another:
 and now they all agree to name
 Whom each one thought the happy dame.
 Quoth Neal, "Whate'er the rest may think,
 "I'm sure 'twas I that felt the stink."
 "You smell the stink! by G—, you lie,"
 Quoth Ross; "for I'll be sworn 'twas I."
 "Ladies," quoth Levens, "pray forbear,
 all had share;
 R ij

35

40

45

50

55



BETTER we all were in o
Than live in slavery to sl
Worse than the anarchy :
Where fishes on each oth
Where every trout can m
O'er his inferiors as our t
And swagger while the c
But should a lordly pike
Away you see the varlet
Or hide his coward snou
Thus if a gudgeon meet
He dare not venture to ap
Yet still has impudence
And, like Domitian, lea

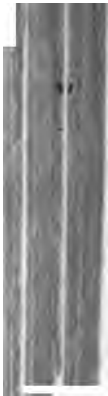
ON THE LI

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

197

ng roof, weather-cock, and all,
 came with a prodigious fall,
 nbling topsyturvy round,
 ith its bottom on the ground ; 10
 the laws of gravitation
 nto its proper station.
 is the little strutting pile
 : just by the churchyard style ;
 lls in tumbling gave a knock, 15
 is the steeple got a shock ;
 hence the neighb'ring farmer calls
 eple Knock, the vicar Walls *.
 vicar once a-week creeps in,
 h his knees up to his chin ; 20
 nns his notes, and takes a whet,
 : small ragged flock is met.
 aveller, who by did pass,
 'd the roof behind the grass,
 oe stood, and rear'd his snout, 25
 w the parson creeping out ;
 uch surpris'd to see a crow
 : to build his nest so low.
 hoolboy ran unto't, and thought
 b was down, the black-bird caught. 30
 l, who lost his way by night,
 rc'd for safety to alight,
 epping o'er the fabric-roof,
 se had like to spoil his hoof.

* *Reverend Archdeacon Walls.*



All that you make this stir :
Is but a still which wants a
The Rev'rend Dr. Raymon
More probably than all the
He said, but that it wanted
It might have been a Pigmy

The Doctor's family came
And little Miss began to cry
Give me that house in my o
Then Madam bade the chari
Call'd to the clerk in manner
" Pray, reach that thing here
" That thing, I mean, among
" And here's to buy a pot of
The clerk said to her, in a
" What! sell my master's con

THE DEAN'S ANSWER

TO SHERIDAN'S VERSES,

on stealing a crown when the Dean was asleep.

, about twelve at night, the punk
 ls from the cully when he's drunk,
 is contented with a treat,
 thout her privilege to cheat :
 can I the least diff'rence find, 5
 that you left no clap behind.
 , jest apart, restore, you Capon ye,
 twelve thirteens* and sixpence ha'penny.
 eat my meat, and drink my medlicot,
 d then to give me such a deadly cut— 10
 'tis observ'd that men in gowns
 most inclin'd to plunder Crowns.
 ld you but change a Crown as easy
 you can steal one, how 'twould please ye!
 ought the Lady at St. Cath'rine's †
 w how to set you better patterns ;
 this I will not dine with Agmondisham ‡,
 for his victuals let a ragman dish 'em. 18

Saturday night.

An English shilling passes for thirteen pence in Ireland.
 Lady Mountcashel.

Agmondisham Vesey, Esq. a very worthy gentleman, for
 the Author had a great esteem.

TO DR. SHERIDAN

DEAR Sheridan ! a gentle pair
Of Gallstown lads (for such they
Besides a brace of grave divines,
Adore the smoothness of thy lines,
Smooth as our bason's silver flood,
Ere George had robb'd it of its mud
Smoother than Pegasus' old shoe,
Ere Vulcan comes to make him new
The board on which we set our a—
Is not so smooth as are thy verses,
Compar'd with which (and that's o
A smoothing-ir'n itself is rough.
Nor praise I less that circumcision

still another locks,
w'd and dove-tail'd, like a box.
e is tuckt up and succinct;
thy syllables are linkt : 30
ls together ty'd in small hanks,
he Macedonian phalanx;
e umbo of the Romans,
rcest foes could break by no means.
to his grief will find 35
ly these indentures bind :
kindred painters' art
ning is the nicest part.
gers of future ages,
they pore upon thy pages ! 40
hey dare to break the joints,
hee to be read with points :
o shew their learned labour, you
ward be perus'd like Hebrew,
hey need not lose a bit 45
armony or wit.
a work completely fine,
nd weight, and measure, join ;
must grant your lines are weighty,
rty weigh as much as eighty. 50
allow your numbers more,
enty lines exceed fourscore ;
e think your measure short,
s than forty fill a quart,
andrine in the close,
; long, long ! like Dan's long nose. 56

~~... for the first of it be of~~
To join with the prophet
did chide ;

Then say what a horse is
And that which deserves to
Spell all then, and put them t
The name and the virtues of
Like the patriarch in Egypt,
Like the prophet in Jewry, he
Like a racer, he flies to succo
When his friends want his ai

THE DEAN'S

THE nymph who wrote this
I cannot but envy the pride o

ruption of verse ; for when all is done,
 a paraphrase made on a pun. 10
 nius like her's no subject can stifle,
 and discovers itself thro' a trifle.
 ng this trifle I quickly began
 her a great wit, but the Dean a small man.
 ies will furnish their garrets with stuff, 15
 thers for mantuas would think fine enough ;
 it that is lavishly thrown away here,
 urnish a second-rate poet a year.
 uch for the verse, we proceed to the next,
 he nymph has entirely forsaken her text.
 panegyrics are quite out of season, 21
 at she describes to be merit is treason.
 nges which faction has made in the state,
 t the Dean's politics quite out of date ;
 one regards what he utters with freedom, 25
 ould he write pamphlets, no great man
 would read 'em ;
 ould Want or Desert stand in need of his aid,
 er would prove but a dull founder'd jade. 28

TEN BY THE REV. DR. SWIFT

ON HIS OWN DEAFNESS.

GINOSUS, inops, surdus, male gratus amicis ;
 ipana sonans, tonitru non ab Jove missum,
 ige mirandum, saltem credere fas est,
 iosa meas mulier jam percutit aures. 4



Than if it rang out for my
At thunder now no more I
Than at the rumbling of a c
Nay, what's incredible, alack
I hardly hear a woman's clat

PROBATUR

I.

A LONG-EAR'D beast, and
Among the coals does often

II.

A long-ear'd beast, a bird th
The bridegroom's first gift t
Is by all pious Christians th

VI.

ig-ear'd beast and Rhenish wine,
n the lap of ladies fine.

VII.

ig-ear'd beast, and Flander's college, 15
. T————l to my knowledge.

VIII.

ig-ear'd beast, and building knight,
rious people do in spight.

IX.

ig-ear'd beast, and bird of night,
inners are too apt to slight. 20

X.

ig-ear'd beast, and shameful vermine,
dge will eat tho' clad in ermine.

XI.

ig-ear'd beast, and Irish cart,
leave a mark, and give a smart.

XII.

ig-ear'd beast, in mud to lie, 25
ird in air so swift can flie.

XIII.

ig-ear'd beast, and a sputt'ring old Whig,
n he were in it, and dancing a jig.

XIV.

ig-ear'd beast, and liquor to write,
amnabable smell both morning and night. 30

XV.

g-ear'd beast, and the child of a sheep,
ist they will make a desperate sweep.
ve III.

XVII

A long-ear'd beast, and th
I'd not look at all, unless

XIX

A long-ear'd beast give me
Or else I will not ride one

XX.

A long-ear'd beast another
To ladies' skins there's not

XXI.

A long-ear'd beast, and kin
Is useful in journeys, take

XXII

A long-ear'd beast, and wh
On such an occasion the law

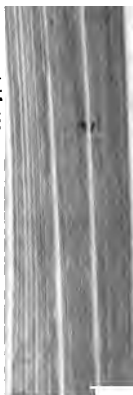
VIII

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

207

I'd, but a little silly,
 and shally shilly ;
 should do he could not guess ;
 'd him like a man at chess.
 him once that he had wit ;
 in jest, poor Tom was bit ;
 himself son of second Phœbus,
 pun, lampoon, and rebus.
 draught of Helicon,
 w'd so much water down,
 lropsey : now they say 'tis
 poetic diabetes,
 e liquor he has past,
 spirit, salt, or taste.
 it past Tom thought it wit,
 fore writ, and writ, and writ.
 he Wonder of all Wonders,
 he Blunder of all Blunders ;
 Merry Farce for Poppet,
 tors how to squeak and hop it ;
 e on the Wooden Man * ;
 on the Nose of Dan † ;
 f making April Fools,
 and-thirty Punning Rules.
 d say that Tom went snacks
 maths for almanacs,

on of a Wooden Man in Essex Street, Dublin.
7 remarkable for a nose of an enormous size.



Tom writ the monthly observ
Such were his writings ; but
Was one continued clatter clat
Swift slit his tongue, and ma
Cry Cup of Sack, and, Walk
And fitted little prating Poll
For wiry cage in common ha
Made him expert at quibble j
And quaint at selling of a ba
Poll he could talk in different
But he could never learn dist
Swift try'd in vain, and ang
Into a Spaniel turn'd his Pa
Made him to walk on his hin
And now he dances, fawns,
Then cuts a caper o'er a stic

ON THE HERMITAGE

AT RICHMOND.

WIS the living learned fed,
 d rais'd the scientific head ;
 r frugal Q—n, to save her meat,
 alts the heads that cannot eat.

4

A CONCLUSION

*drawn from the above Epigram, and sent to the
 Drapier.*

NCE Anna, whose bounty thy merits had fed,
 e her own was laid low had exalted thy head ;
 nd since our good Q—n to the wise is so just,
 o raise heads for such as are humbled in dust,
 vonder, good man ! that you are not envaulted ;
 ithee go and be dead, and be doubly exalted.

6

DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER.

ER Ma'esty never shall be my exalter ;
 nd yet she would raise me, I know—by a halter.

S. iij



*Secretary's not suffering ye
pay him 300l. per ann. &
licence from the Lord May
The Prologue supposes, that
to att, a company of c
bired the Play-house and*

THE PR

OUR set of strollers, wa
Hearing the House was e
And with a licence from
Went to one Griffith, fo
Him we persuaded, with
To speak to Elrington ?
To let our company sup

me see—Three hundred pounds a-year,
 to act in Town! 'tis plaguy dear.
 Is a warrant, Gallants! please to mark,
 thirteens and sixpence to the clerk. 20
 Three hundred pounds! were I the price to fix,
 I should bestow the actors six
 guineas, given underhand,
 A word or so we understand.
 An honest lad that's out of place 25
 A crown or so; a common case;
 I know 'tis no injustice thought
 To give, and pay him not a groat;
 The chronicles of former ages,
 Have heard of servants paying wages? 30
 I brington with all my heart;
 Were here this night to act my part.
 What it was to be a stroller,
 We acted, and had no controller.
 When we wait on Mr. May'r, 35
 A licence, then produce our ware:
 A trumpet, or we beat a drum;
 "The schoolboys roar, "the play'rs are
 We cry, to spur the bumpkins on, [come!"
 "I by Tuesday next we must be gone." 40
 In the smoothest way I could,
 And more, yet it would do no good:
 I gton, tears falling from his cheeks,
 As shone with Betterton and Weeks,
 Our country has been always dear, 45
 To leave his dearest pledges here,



A POX ON EIRINGTON'S MA
Now to a word of bus'ness in
Gallants! next Thursday
Then without fail we pack u
Lose not your time, nor our
The next we act shall be as g

ON THE ARCH

CASHEL AND BE

DEAR Dick! prithee tell by w
The world is in doubt whethe
And while at good Cashel you
They shrewdly suspect it is al
You certainly know, tho' so l
His spite cannot wound who a

For thine, my dear Dick ! give me leave to speak plain,
Like a very foul mop, dirty more than they clean. 16

DR. SWIFT TO HIMSELF,

ON SAINT CELIA'S DAY.

GRAVE Dean of St. Patrick's, how comes it to pass
That you, who know music no more than an ass,
That you, who so lately were writing of Drapiers,
Should lend your Cathedral to players and scrapers ?
To act such an opera once in a year, 5
So offensive to ev'ry true Protestant ear,
With trumpets, and fiddles, and organs, and singing,
Will sure the Pretender and Popery bring in.
No Protestant prelate, his Lordship or Grace,
Durst there shew his Right or Most Reverend face: 10
How would it pollute their crosiers and rochets
To listen to minims, and quavers, and crotchets?

The rest is wanting.

TWELVE ARTICLES.

I.

LEST it may more quarrels breed,
I will never hear you read.

II.

By disputing I will never
To convince you once endeavour.



When I am angry
I will shew no anger need
V

When your speeches are a
I will ne'er object a word
V

When you, furious, arg
I will grieve, and hold n
V

Not a jest or humorous
Will I ever tell before
To be chidden for expl
When you quite mistal

Never more will I sup
You can taste my ver

XII.

Never will I give advice
 Till you please to ask me thrice ;
 Which, if you in scorn reject,
 'Twill be just as I expect. 30

Thus we both shall have our ends,
 And continue special friends. 32

ROBIN AND HARRY*.

ROBIN to beggars, with a curse,
 Throws the last shilling in his purse,
 And when the coachman comes for pay,
 The rogue must call another day.

Grave Harry, when the poor are pressing,
 Gives them a penny and God's blessing ;
 But, always careful of the main,
 With twopence left, walks home in rain. 5

Robin from noon to night will prate,
 Runs out in tongue as in estate,
 And ere a twelvemonth and a day
 Will not have one new thing to say. 10

Much talking is not Harry's vice ;
 He need not tell a story twice ;
 And if he always be so thrifty,
 His fund may last to five-and-fifty. 50

* *These gentlemen were sons of the famous Dr. Leslie, and one of them was a colonel in the Spanish service.*

It so fell out, that cauti-
As soldiers use, for love m
And with his dame the oce
All for Love—or, the Wo
Repairs a cabin gone to rui
Just big enough to shelter
And in his house, if any b
Will make them welcome t
Where Goody Julia milks t
And boils potatoes for her
Or darns his hose, or mend
While Harry's fencing up l

Robin, who ne'er his mi
To live without a coach-and
To patch his broken fortun
A mistress worth five thous

Sweetest, he said, I will be true

In a coat of Paduasoy,
 A new wig, and waistcoat gay,
 Heer'd from shoulder down to flank,
 He partly style addresses Frank,
 He is ten years older than his wife,
 He is com'd to be a beau for life,
 He is dying those defects by dress,
 He says I must leave the world to guess.

PORTRAIT FROM THE LIFE.

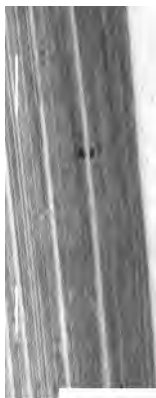
I sit by my side while this picture I draw;
 He is hatching a magpie, in pride a jackdaw;
 He is temper the devil himself could not bridle,
 He is pertinent mixture of busy and idle;
 He is rude as a bear, no mule half so crabbed;
 He is swills like a sow, and she breeds like a rabbit:
 He is housewife in bed, at table a slattern;
 He is all an example, for no one a pattern.
 He will tell me, friend Thomas, Ford, Grattan, and
 He is merry Dan,
 He is this any likeness to good Madam Sheridan?

DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER

TO SOME VERSES FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

The verses you sent on the bottling your wine,
 Are, in ev'ry one's judgment, exceedingly fine;
 I must confess, as a Dean and divine,
 That you inspir'd by the Muses all Nine.
 We III.

T



I know they have many a
And, give Satan his due,
However, I wish, honest
You would really on Th
Where I hear you are crar
With me you'll no more
Nor after your vittles lie
So I wish you were tootl
But were you as wicked
I wish you would tell m
If, when you return, yo
On Thursday I'll pay r
Wherever you bend, w
In square, or in opposi
Your beef will on Th
I hope you have swill'd

enough of this poetry Alexandrine ;
 e you will not think this a Pasquine.

35

THE DEAN AND DUKE.

—s B—s and the Dean had long been friends ;
 es is beduk'd ; of course their friendship ends.
 sure the Dean deserves a sharp rebuke,
 a knowing James, to boast he knows the Duke.
 since just Heav'n the Duke's ambition mocks, 5
 e all he got by fraud is lost by stocks,
 wings are clipp'd ; he tries no more in vain
 h bands of fiddlers to extend his train.
 e he no more can build, and plant, and revel,
 Duke and Dean seem near upon a level. 10
 wert thou not a Duke, my good Duke Humphry,
 n bailiffs' claws thou scarce couldst keep thy bum
 free.

uke to know a Dean ! Go, smooth thy crown ;
 brother (far thy betters) wore a gown.
 l, but a Duke thou art ; so pleas'd the king :
 would his majesty but add a string.

ABULA CANIS ET UMBRÆ.

E cibum portans catulus dum spectat in undis
 aret liquido prædæ melioris imago :
 a speciosa diu damus admiratur, et alte
atices inhiat, cadit imo vortice præceps
bus, nec non simulachrum corripit unâ.

A

TO A CERTAIN DOC

DOC

DEAF, giddy, helpless,
ANS. Except the first
DOC. To all my frien
ANS. Because to few
Give them good wine an
You may have company
DOC. No more I hear
Than if it rang out for r
ANS. Then write and
DOC. At thunder nov
ANS. Think then of t
A

ES ON I KNOW NOT WHAT.

st tribute here I send ;	
s let your collection end.	
consign you down to fame,	
ter to praise or blame ;	4
he whole may pass for true,	
d rest, you have your due :	
ure times the satisfaction	
one handle for detraction.	8



THE
HISTORY OF
THE
CITY OF
NEW-YORK
FROM
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TO THE PRESENT
TIME.
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Lat.
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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
DR. JONATH. SWIFT,
DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.
IN FOUR VOLUMES.
WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

-----Two Chiefs, the guardians of thy name,
Conspire to raise thee to the point of fame.
Ye future Times! I heard the silver sound,
I saw the Graces form a circle round;
Each where she fix'd attentive seem'd to root,
And all but Eloquence herself was mute.

From out her breast ('twas there the treasure lay)
She drew thy Labours to the blaze of day;
Then gaz'd, and read the charms she could inspire,
And taught the list'ning audience to admire-----
Then here, she cries, let future ages dwell,
And learn to copy where they can't excel-----

O SWIFT! if fame be life (as well we know
That bards and heroes have esteem'd it so)
Thou can'st not wholly die; thy Works will shine
To future times, and life in fame be thine.

FARNELL.

VOL. IV.

LONDON:

PRINTED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF J. BELL
BRITISH LIBRARY, STRAND,
BOOKSELLER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES.

1787.

MS



THE
ETICAL WORKS
OF
NATHAN SWIFT.
VOL. IV.
CONTAINING HIS
CELLANEOUS PIECES
FROM 1730 TO 1739.

rhapse I may allow the Dean
too much satire in his vein,
seem'd determin'd not to starve it,
nuse no age could more deserve it:
malice never was his aim ;
ash'd the vice, but spar'd the name----
, If it e'er can be abash'd,
it be or ridicul'd or lash'd----
s for his Works in verse or prose,
rn myself no judge of those ;
can I tell what critics thought 'em ;
this I know, all people bought 'em,
with a moral view design'd,
please and to reform mankind ;
I if he often miss'd his aim,
: world must own it, to their shame,
: praise is his, and theirs the blame.

}
VERSES ON THE DEATH OF SWIFT.

LONDON:
D FOR J. BELL, BOOKSELLER TO HIS
ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES.
1787.



1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

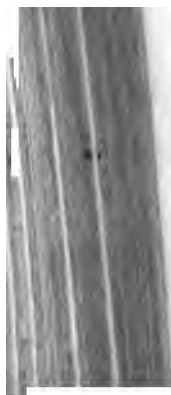
2. The second part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,

FROM 1689 TO 1739, WITHOUT DATE.

DAPHNE.

DAPHNE knows, with equal ease,
How to vex and how to please,
But the folly of her sex
Makes her sole delight to vex.
Never woman more devis'd
5
Surer ways to be despis'd;
Paradoxes weakly wielding,
Always conquer'd, never yielding.
To dispute her chief delight,
With not one opinion right: 10
Thick her arguments she lays on,
And with cavils combats reason;
Answers in decisive way,
Never hears what you can say;
till her odd perverseness shows 15
Chiefly where she nothing knows,
And where she is most familiar,
Always peevisher and sillier;
All her spirits in a flame,
When she knows she's most to blame. 20
Send me hence ten thousand miles
From a face that always smiles;
None could ever act that part
But a fury in her heart.



Loss not time to

Not endeavour to convince
Never take it in your time
That she'll own or care
Into contradiction war
Then, perhaps, you may
Only take this rule also
Always to advise her
And reprove her when
She may then grow

No—that scheme
She has better learn
She's too cunning a
When to yield and
Nature holds her for
One for truth and c

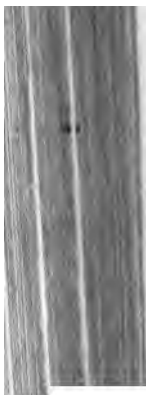
PROGRESS OF MARRIAGE.

s sūæ fifty-two,
 ivine began to woo
 ome young imperious girl,
 lated to an earl.
 ots and her friends consent; 5
 ple to the temple went.
 st invite the Cyprian Queen,
 swer'd She would not be seen;
 ces next, and all the Muses,
 d in form—but sent excuses. 10
 ended at the porch,
 rthing candle for a torch,
 /rs. Iris held her train,
 ed bow distilling rain;
 ebe came, and took her place, 15
 w'd no more than half her face.
 te'er those dire forebodings meant,
 the wedding-day was spent;
 dding-day, you take me right,
 se nothing for the night. 20
 degroom drest, to make a figure
 s an artificial vigour;
 isht nightcap on, to grace
 dy, wrinkled, smiling face;
 e faint red upon a pippin, 25
 ther'd by a winter's keeping.
thus set out this happy pair,
in is rich, the nymph is fair;



'Tis near thoughts and all
Less corresponding than
Her spouse desires his
She rises to her tea at noon
While he goes out to cheer
She at the glass consults
While Betty's buzzing in
Lord! what a dress they
So odd a choice how could
Wish'd him a col'nel for
Then on her fingers' end
Exact, to what his age:
"The Dean," she heard
"Is sixty, if he be a day
"His ruddy cheeks are
"You see the crow's feet

lean, who us'd to dine at one,
 skish, and his stomach gone; 60
 ad-bare gown would scarce a louse hold,
 like the chaplain of his household;
 ls her from the chaplain's place
 nch brocades and Flanders lace;
 nders what employs her brain, 65
 ver asks, or asks in vain;
 nd is full of other cares,
 n the sneaking parson's airs,
 tes that half a parish dues
 ardly find his wife in shoes. 70
 'st thou imagine, dull Divine!
 gain her love to make her fine?
 he no other wants beside?
 ise desire as well as pride,
 ig coxcombs to adore, 75
 ach her to despise thee more.
 her coach she'll condescend
 ce him at the hinder end,
 op is hoist above his nose,
 ious gown would soil her clothes, 80
 ops him at the church, to pray,
 she drives on to see the play.
 e an orderly divine,
 home a quarter after nine,
 ects her hasting to the ball; 85
 airmen push him from the wall.
 rs in, and walks up stairs,
 's the family to pray'rs;



She stole away with me
And shall be chid this :
For leaving company :
She'll say, and she may
She can't abide to stay
But now, tho' scarce a
Poor Lady Jane has th
The cause, alas ! is qu
The Town has whisper
Think on some remedy
You find his Rev'rence
Already dwindled to :
No other way but try
For Venus, rising :
Infus'd a strong prolif
That mixt with Achel

ISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

11

ess wives crowd ev'ry morn

Ichelaus' horn :

120

father often gains

another's pains.

' much against the grain,

carry'd Lady Jane.

le, would not consent,

125

money all was spent.

sent ! a clownish reason ;

' Lady slip her season ?

with a double fee,

o make the Dean agree.

130

versions of the place

my Lady's case,

she patiently complies,

se her friends advise ;

nd her time employs

135

fling-rooms, and toys ;

oss-bath seeks an heir,

oft' have found one there ;

: Dean by chance appears,

cassoc and his years :

140

distance in the gallery,

by some coxcomb's raillery ;

his character expose

ong the belles and beaus.

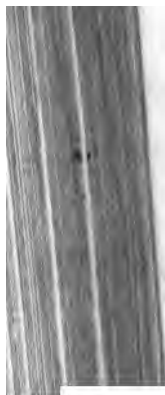
een, within a penn,

145

ings foster'd by a hen ;

out *they* run and muddle,

ds them, in a puddle :



A victim to the
Of vigour in declining
He dies, and leaves his
(What could he less?)

The widow goes thro'
New lovers now will co
Oh, may I see her soon
Her favours to some b
Him let her marry for
And only coat of tarn
To turn her naked ou
And spend her jointu
But, for a parting pr
A rooted pox to last

THE BR

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS. 13

honest jolly friend
thoughts could put an end, 10

los'd up the toils of day,
e minutes glide away;
ave no Mug to drink,
e pow'r to write or think.

Nymphs ! with wit and skill 15
'arnassus' Hill,

plores the sacred Nine
thoughts in ev'ry line.

y is not to stint,
ag with nothing in't. 20

re subject to be dry,
ore our skill we try,

the Castalian spring,
pipes before we sing.

, which I lament in tears, 25
ne well for many years.

iece of furniture
shatter'd past all cure ;

: be hoop'd with tin,
ken Mugs have been, 30

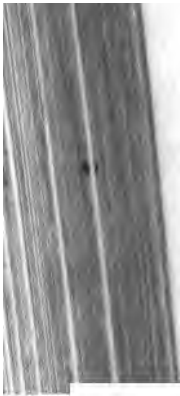
res, cur'd by tinker's truss,
special use to us.

alas ! 'tis all in vain
articles again.

ould I on thee bestow 35
now *in statu quo* ?

' the subject of my song,
ie still, nor empty long ;

B



They on thy centre --
So grateful to our eyes
Whose mantling juice
The sparkling of the c

It was a family old
At which our friends
'Twas bought when

And Granny says, u
A finer Mug was ne
Altho' it cost her bu

The potter surely p
For 'twas a master-]

He form'd it of wel
To make it durable

The concave and th
Appear'd most ple

US POEMS.

her lug
e a Mug.
u, Sirs,
ers

15

70

nd quicker,
oming liquor,
rth to south,
word of mouth;
ne times round,

75

y found
stimation,
by calculation.
at they begun,
brewer's tun,
uld descry
wet or dry.
enough

80

85

: hoof;
was on a stoop,
e to a sup.
le 'prenticeship,
rack or slip,
the other day,
ailty of our clay)
ucky fall,
arning to us all;
o Nestor's age,
t go off the stage.
Anna's glorious reign,
t both sweet and clean;

90

9.

B ij

It would drain a canal
And from an inundation keep
That quarter of the town, you know
Where high spring-tides do overflow
For in a day it would exhale
The Lord knows how much beer
Nor could it lose its virtue quite
Till it was nine or ten at night,
It was a planet without doubt,
For day and night it went about
And had its periodic times
As regular as Christ-church chimes
Then by nocturnal observation
We found its virtue and pulsation
(When like the sea it ebb'd and
Its various operations show'd,
Its influence on me

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

17

y were not both outdone
 s Principles alone? 130
 e mode, 'tis not my way
 i my friends with tea.
 on't love our drink too new,
 spare the time to brew :
 tea nor coffee here, 135
 h insipid, and too dear ;
 can clear up the brain,
 n a merry vein :
 ey give ill-natur'd fits,
 detractors pass for wits ; 140
 vile censure who is free ?
 y their rash decree.
 y brother bards were dry,
 d a nymph, who lives hard by,
 Helicon in haste 145
 the Mug full of the best.
 she tripp'd down the stairs
 ful air, but unawares,
 g on her hoop,
 downwards made her stoop ; 150
 he nymph, the Mug, and all,
 is great, and great the fall :
 i return'd with nimble foot,
 finger sorely cut.
 told with panting breath, 155
 cap'd a sudden death,
 'd limbs—Oh dire mishap !
 up gather'd in her lap,



When I go off, or wh
I cannot tell ; but still
To keep this microcos
To wet my clay as it
Lest it should into ato

ON PADDY

OF THE IN'

As a thorn-bush or c
Stuck in an Irish cabi
Above the door, at co
Betokens entertainme
So bays on poets' bro
Set for a sign of wit
And as ill neighbour

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

19

ut like a girl's cockade, was ty'd
 (a trophy on his temple-side)
 addy repin'd to see him wear
 his badge of honour in his hair,
 and thinking this cockade of wit
 Would his own temples better fit,
 forming his Muse by Medley's model,
 ets drive at Tom's devoted noddle,
 elts him by turns with verse and prose,
 turns like a hornet at his nose,
 t length presumes to vent his satire on
 he Dean, Tom's honour'd friend and patron.
 he Eagle in the tale, ye know,
 'eaz'd by a buzzing Wasp below,
 ook wing to Jove, and hop'd to rest
 ecurly in the Thund'rer's breast:
 a vain; even there, to spoil his nod,
 he spiteful insect stung the god.

20

25

30

34

THE LOGICIANS REFUTED.

LOGICIANS have but ill defin'd,
 s rational, the human-kind;
 eason, they say, belongs to man,
 ut let them prove it if they can.
 ise Aristotle and Smiglesius,
 y ratiocinations specious,
 ave strove to prove with great precision,
 ith definition and division,
nemo est ratione præditum,
 for my soul I cannot credit 'em,

5

10

A fine motto.

Than reason-boasting mortals prude,
And that brute-beasts are far before 'em
Deus est anima brutorum.

Who ever knew an honest brute
At law his neighbour prosecute?
Bring action for assault and battery,
Or friend beguile with lies and flattery;
O'er plains they ramble unconfin'd,
No politics disturb their min'd;
They eat their meals, and take their
Nor know who's in or out at court:
They never to the levee go
To treat as dearest friend a foe;
They never importune his Grace,
Nor ever cringe to men in place;
Nor undertake a dirty job,

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

21

As it is confess'd the ape
 nearest us in human shape;
 in he imitates each fashion,
 Alice is his ruling passion;
 h in malice and grimaces 45
 ier any ape surpasses:
 him humbly cringing wait
 ie minister of state;
 m soon after to inferiors
 he conduct of superiors: 50
 rises with equal air,
 perform 'takes equal care.
 is turn finds imitators;
 t the porters, lacqueys, waiters,
 asters' manners still contract, 55
 omen lords and dukes can act.
 : the court both great and small
 alike, for all ape all.

ODE ON SCIENCE.

I.

Heav'nly born! in deepest dells
 t Science ever dwells
 th the mossy cave,
 the verdure of the woods,
 ure beauty gild the floods, 5
 flow'ry carpets lave;

II.

ancholy ever reigns
 t in the sylvan scenes
 cientific light;

Obstructed and de
'Till Wisdom give t
Untaught, not uning
By Reason's power

When Solon and Ly
To moralize the hum
Of mad Opinion's
To erring Zeal they
Thy charms, O Liber
That blends congen

Bid bright Astrea gild
Or bid a hundred sons
To hecatomb the ye
Without the

VII.

Drive Thralldom, with malignant hand,
To curse some other destin'd land

By Folly led astray :

Herne bear on azure wing ;

Energic let her soar and sing

Thy universal sway.

40

VIII.

So when Amphion bade the lyre

To more majestic sound aspire,

Behold the madding throng,

In wonder and oblivion drown'd,

To sculpture turn'd by magic sound

And petrifying song.

45

THE PUPPET-SHOW.

I.

THE life of man to represent,

And turn it all to ridicule,

'Tis did a Puppet-show invent,

Where the chief actor is a fool.

II.

The gods of old were logs of wood,

And worship was to Puppets paid ;

Antic dress the idol stood,

And priests and people bow'd the head.

5

III.

So wonder then if art began

The simple votaries to frame,

In shape in timber foolish man,

And consecrate the block to fame.

10



Thus Dædalus, and
That man's a blockh
Powel and Stretch •
Life is a farce, the w

The same great truth
On that fam'd theatr
Where thousands, b
Are now sad monu

What Momus was
The same a Harlequ
The former was bu
The latter is a Pun

This fleeting scene i

X.

may chance to wear a crown,
 her as a lord take place ;
 may put on a frown,
 at us with a thinking face. 40

XI.

re blindly led away,
 de to act for ends unknown ;
 ere spring of wires they play,
 ak in language not their own.

XII.

, alas ! a scolding wife 45
 t jolly fellow's throne,
 ny drink the cup of life
 nd imbitter'd by a Joan.

XIII.

, whatever men pursue 50
 ure, folly, war, or love,
 mic race brings all to view ;
 ey dress, they talk, they move.

XIV.

great Stretch ! with artful hand,
 to please and to deride,
 en death breaks thy vital band, 55
 salt put on a puppet's pride.

XV.

alt in puny wood be shown ;
 ge shall preserve thy fame ;
 come thy worth to own,
 thy limbs, and tell thy name. 60



To make men act as
And chatter in a mys
Is a mere force on fles
And shews some erro

He that would thus re
And turn thy stage in
The jest of Punch wil
And stand confest the

ON I

At two afternoon for
Her tea-kettle's on, and
So loit'ring, so active,
Which hath she most n

oblige a good friend she will trace ev'ry market,
 would do your heart good to see how she'll cark it:
 t beware of her arts, for it plainly appears
 : saves half her victuals by feeding your ears. 14

TO

MRS. HOUGHTON OF BORMOUNT,
 ON PRAISING HER HUSBAND TO DR. SWIFT.

U always are making a god of your spouse,
 : this neither reason nor conscience allows ;
 haps you will say 'tis in gratitude due,
 d you adore him because he adores you.
 ar argument's weak, and so you will find, 5
 you by this rule, must adore all mankind.

ON THE COLLAR OF

MRS. DINGLEY'S LAP-DOG.

AY steal me not, I'm Mrs. Dingley's,
 ose heart in this fourfooted thing lies.

A LEFT-HANDED LETTER*.

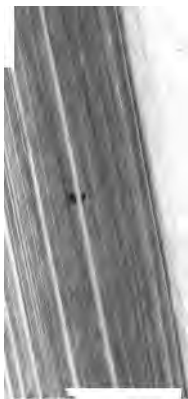
TO DR. SHERIDAN.

SIR,

! LANY reports it, and he has a shrewd tongue ;
 at we both act the part of the clown and the cow-
 dung ;

*All the humour of this poem is lost, by the impossi-
 of printing it left-handed, as it was wrote.*

C ij



Et dici potest...
Tho' Delany advis'd y
You reply and rejoin
I must now, at one sit
How many to answer
But because the three
I shall, for method s
You treat me like a
Who, ere t'other ge
Yet I know a young
Would, as he lay u
So the French, wh
Went triumphan

Deum :
So the famous T
Comes off by ou
Henar

d I'll use you as he did that over-grown clown,
 first take you up, and then take you down :
 d 'tis your own case, for you never can wound
 : worst dunce in your school till he's heav'd from
 the ground. 34

g your pardon for using my left hand, but I was
 : great haste, and the other hand was employed
 : the same time in writing some letters of business.

September 20, 1718.

ill send you the rest when I have leisure, but
 : may come to dinner with the company you met
 : are last.

TO A FRIEND,

who had been much abused in many different libels.

THE greatest monarch may be stabb'd by night,
 d Fortune help the murd'rer in his flight;
 : vilest ruffian may commit a rape,
 : safe from injur'd innocence escape;
 d Calumny, by working under ground, 5
 : , unreveng'd, the greatest merit wound.
 What's to be done? Shall Wit and Learning chuse
 : live obscure, and have no fame to lose,
 Censure frighted out of Honour's road,
 : dare to use the gifts by Heav'n bestow'd, 10
 : fearless enter in thro' Virtue's gate,
 : buy distinction at the dearest rate?

THE WINDSOR

ABOUT three months ago, a widow was buried in the grave the sexton struck a coffer, about half a foot in wide. The poor man, expecting a treasure, opened it with only a small parchment, not to a leather case, which was sealed with a St. G. black wax very rude and was carried to a gentleman in it the following lines, written in English letter, and in the orthography seems to be about two hundred years old. I find, both in many parts of the modern way. The or

hobbling kind of measure. Their meaning is very dark, if it be any at all, of which the learned reader can judge better than I: however it be, several persons were of opinion that they deserved to be published, both as they discover somewhat of the genius of a former age, and may be an amusement to the present.

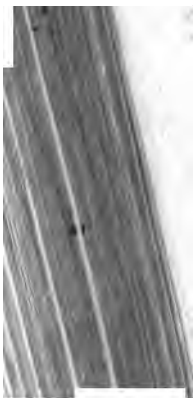
WHEN a holy black Swede*, the son of Bob,
 With a saint at his chin and a seal at his fob,
 Shall not see one new-years-day in that year †,
 Then let old England make good cheer:
 Windsor and Bristow then shall be 5
 Join'd together in the low-Country.
 Then shall the tall black Deventry bird ‡
 Speak against peace right many a word;
 And some shall admire his conying wit,
 For many good groats his tongue shall slit. 10
 But spight of the Harpy || that crawls on all four,
 There shall be peace, pardie, and war no more:
 But England must cry Alack and well -a-day!
 If the stick be taken from the Dead Sea.

* Dr. Robinson, Bishop of Bristol, was one of the plenipotentiaries at the peace of Utrecht.

† There was eleven days' difference between the old and new style, the latter received at Utrecht before this bishop went thither, but which did not take place in Great Britain and Ireland until Sept. 2. 1752, when eleven days were omitted, and the next day was called Sept. 14. The Bishop, therefore, set out from England before Jan. 1. O. S.

‡ Earl of Nottingham.

|| Duke of Marlborough.



Can -
If so be they are -
Their Conyngs † mark
They assassine when ye
Root out these carrots
Is backwards and for
And keep close to th
Which backwards ar
And, England, we
Bury those carrots

* Lady Elizabeth
line Percy, Earl
Charles Seymour,
† Thomas Th
estate, who was c
of her first husba
son to Henry Du
-f age to cohabit
-dor

TO THE REV. MR. DAN. JACKSON.

*be humbly presented by Mr. Sheridan in person,
with respect, care, and speed.*

To be delivered by and with Mr. Sheridan.

DEAR DAN ! I.

HERE I return my trust, nor ask
one penny for remittance ;
I have well perform'd my task
may send me an acquittance.

II.

So long I bore this weighty pack,
Hercules the sky ;
Now take him you, Dan Atlas, back,
let me be stander-by.

III.

Not all the witty things you speak
in compass of a day,
Not half the puns you make a-week,
could bribe his longer stay.

IV.

With me you left him out at nurse,
yet are you not my debtor,
or as he hardly can be worse,
ne'er could make him better.

V.

He rhymes and puns, and puns and rhymes,
just as he did before,
And when he's lash'd a hundred times,
rhymes and puns the more.



Thus a lean beast ber
(A beast of Irish bre
Will, in a tedious di
Outgo the prancing s

You knock him dow
And lay him flat bef
For soon as he gets
He'll strut, and cry

And ev'ry stroke of
'Tis true he roar'd s
But his impenetrabl
Could feel no harm

The tortoise thus, u

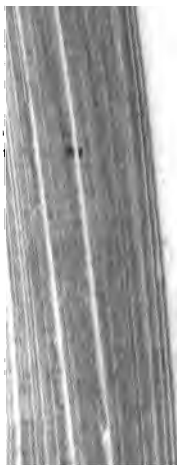
POSTSCRIPT.

Tom, when I saw him, last week, on his horse
 awry,
 eaten'd loudly to turn me to stone with his sor-
 cery ;
 I think, little Dan, that in spite of what our foe
 says,
 will find I read Ovid and his Metamorphoses :
 omitting the first (where I make a comparison,
 a sort of allusion to Putland or Harrison), 50
 by my description you'll find he in short is
 a cock and a garran, a top and a tortoise :
 I hope from henceforward you ne'er will ask, can
 I maul
 a teasing, conceited, rude, insolent, animal ?
 if this rebuke might turn to his benefit,
 I pity the man) I should then be glad of it. 56

L. SWIFT'S ANSWER TO PAULUS.

Some Verses written by Mr. Lyndsay.

LINDSAY mistakes the matter quite,
 honest Paulus judges right :
 why these quarrels to the sun,
 without whose aid you're all undone ?
 Paulus e'er complain of sweat ?
 Paulus e'er the sun forget,
 influence of whose golden beams
 licks up all unsav'ry steams ?



Of ripening fruits
Nor for inspiring poets' bra
With pennyless and starvel
Not for his boasted healing
Nor for his skill to shoot t
Nor yet because he sweetly
Nor for his prophecies in
But for a more substantia
Apollo's patron of the la
Whom Paulus ever must
As parent of the golden
By Phœbus an incest
Begot upon his grand-d
By Phœbus first produ
By Vulcan form'd so r
Then offer'd at the sh
By clients to her priest
Nor, when we see Ast
With even balance in

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.	37
true, and none denies,	
hat such complaints are wise.	40
se, no doubt, as clients fat ye more,	
ke statesmen, <i>Quanta patimur?</i>	
ce the truth must needs be stretched,	
the lawyers are so wretched,	
loz I'll undertake	45
s and for Lyndsay's sake.	
which, tho' I abomine 'em,	
as arguments <i>ad hominem</i> ,	
ain to offer those	
of by detracting foes :	50
curses of mankind	
pon a lawyer's mind ;	
urs of ten thousand tongues	
his rest, nor hurt his lungs.	
conscience always free,	55
e has got his fee.	
onstant peace within,	
no guilt who knows no sin.	
ey merit to be pitied,	
always over-witted :	60
he Gospel seems to say	
y burthens lawyers lay	
houlders of their neighbour,	
finger to the labour,	
· saving their own bacon,	65
he text is here mistaken :	
<i>false, and sense is rackt ;</i>	
<i>I appeal to fact,</i>	



Half sunk beneath his briefs
As ridden by a midnight hag
Then from the bar harangue
In English vile, and viler French
And Latin, vilest of the three
And all for poor ten moidores
Of paper how is he profuse
With periods long, in terms
What pains he takes to be
A thousand lines to stand for
Of common sense without
And is not this a grievous
The lawyer is a common
To fight our cause before
And, what is yet a greater
Should to hear his client

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS. 39

'tis you have set me on,
 s question *pro* and *con*. 100
 ay offend, 'tis true ;
 concerns not you.
 re may in ev'ry clan,
 found one honest man,
 em close, in this they jump, 105
 harpers in the lump.
 ndsay at the bar,
 he same his brethren are ;
 by practice to imbibe
 rentals of his tribe, 110
 client's just defence
 e oft' from common sense,
 his ignorance discern'd,
 name of council learn'd,
 omes a *non lucendo*) 115
 do as other men do ;
 m to a better scene,
 crew of rogues in grain,
 with companions fit,
 humour, sense, and wit, 120
 r he never took a fee,
 s law his A, B, C.
 here dulness over-rules
 od sense in crowds of fools ;
 nire the man who saves 125
 in crowds of knaves,
 p *virtue* at discretion
 f his own profession.



For as the rabble da
The fool who scam
Who for his pains is
Drawn thro' the dirt
You must expect the
Scrambling with rog
Must lose the honou
Your num'rous virtu
Disclaim for ever all
To common honesty
And join in friendshi
To —, —, and

DR. RUNDLE, :

Yet were he Heathen, Turk, or Jew,
 What is there in it strange or new? 10
 Nor let us hear the weak pretence
 His brethren find to take offence,
 Of whom there are but four at most
 Who know there is an Holy Ghost;
 The rest, who boast they have conferr'd it, 15
 Like Paul's Ephesians, never heard it,
 And when they gave it, well 'tis known
 They gave what never was their own.

Rundle a bishop! well he may;
 He's still a Christian more than they. 20

We know the subject of their quarrels;
 The man has learning, sense, and morals.

There is a reason still more weighty;
 'Tis granted he believes a Deity;
 Has ev'ry circumstance to please us, 25

Tho' fools may doubt his faith in J—
 But why should he with that be loaded,
 Now twenty years from court exploded?
 And is not this objection odd
 From rogues who ne'er believ'd a God? 30
 For liberty a champion stout,

Tho' not so gospel-ward devout;
 While others, hither sent to save us,
 Came but to plunder and enslave us;
 Nor ever own'd a pow'r divine, 35
 But Mammon and the German line.

Say, how did Rundle undermine 'em?
 Who shew'd a better *jus divinum*?

To have the Spirit set to sale.
Said surly Peter, "Magus, f
" Begone ; thy money perish
Were Peter now alive, perhap
He might have found a score
Could he but make his gift ap
In rents three thousand pound
Some fancy this promotion
As not the handy-work of Go
Tho' ev'n the bishops disappo
Must own it made by God's a
And well we know the congée
Is more secure as well as legal
Because our lawyers all agree
That bishopricks are held in fe
Dear Baldwin cheats

Y VERSES ON MR. FORD.

tent, since out it must,
 betray'd her trust ;
 ng, charg'd me not to say
 d was born to-day ;
 needs must blab it, 5
 ny usual habit,
 ith a serious face,
 l the time and place ;
 ompliment to spoil
 your native soil ; 10
 ies, when they know
 urning forty-two :
 pics shall appear
 ents to keep you here,
 ou judge hardly of it, 15
 s must give place to profit.
 s, with whom you first began,
 me a harridan ;
 ie so far decay'd,
 w must all be paid, 20
 le that since arose
 porary beaus.
 comrades, once so bright,
 ou toasted half the night,
 n and pox complain, 25
 a to dear champaign ;
 ptector's, once in pow'r,
 ile or the Tow'r.

But see you —

In London! what would you
Can you, my friend, with patience
Nay, would it not your passion
Worse than a pun or Irish phrase
To see a scoundrel strut and heel
A foot-boy to some rogue Director
To look on vice triumphant round
And virtue trampled on the ground
Observe where bloody — stand
With tort'ring engines in his hands
Hear him blaspheme, and swear,
Threat'ning the pillory and jail.
If this you think a pleasing scene
To London straight return again
Where, you have told us from ex
— of hum and Presbyt

have London still at heart,
 be a small one here by art ;
 hence is not much between
 St.-Park, and Stephen's-Green ; 60
 St.-John-street will serve as well
 as hither as Pall-Mall ;
 a passage thro' the palace,
 your sight and raise your malice :
 every-house may well be match'd,
 affection with the Thatch'd* 65
 I, when you hither come,
 crown a quart for stum.
 a middle-aged chamber
 vie with your main charmer, 70
 as handsome every bit,
 thousand times her wit.
 and Sheridan, I hope,
 supply a Gay and Pope ;
 tho' yet I know his worth not, 75
 will prove a good Arbuthnot ;
 to the bargain Tim ;
 can you equal him ?
 k you of my fav'rite clan,
 Jack †, and Jack and Dan ? 80
 modest worth and parts,
 ful looks and honest hearts.

as tavern in St. James's Street, near the palace.
 rbert, afterwards Dean of St. Patrick's Cathed-
 , on the death of Dr. Maturine, who suc-
 ceded
 rbert and John Grattan, brothers ; John and

Robin adores ~~that~~
That lit'ral spot, which gave ~~him~~
And swears Belcamp † is, to his t
As fine as Hampton-Court at least
When to your friends, you would
The praise of Italy or France,
For grandeur, elegance, and wit,
We gladly hear you, and submit :
But then, to come and keep a clutt
For this or that side of a gutter,
To live in this or t'other isle,
We cannot think it worth your w
For, take it kindly or amiss,
The diff'rence but amounts to thi
We bury on our side the Channe
In linen ‡, and on your's in flan
the news are ne'er to se

my arguments are strong,
 or you held out so long; 110
 since you are convinc'd at last,
 pardon you for what is past.
 us now for whist prepare;
 ve-pence a corner, if you dare. 114

A PETITION TO HIS GRACE
 THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

BY DEAN SMEDLEY.

Non domus aut fundus-----

HOR.

as, my Lord, the dext'rous shift
 other Jonathan, *viz.* Swift,
 ow St. Patrick's saucy Dean,
 silver verge and surplice clean,
 xford or of Ormond's Grace, 5
 ser rhyme to beg a place.
 ce he got, yclep'd a Stall,
 ke a thousand pounds withal;
 were he less a witty writer,
 ght as well have got a mitre. 10
 I, the Jonathan of Clogher,
 nble lays my thanks to offer,
 ach your Grace with grateful heart,
 anks and verse devoid of art,
 at with what your bounty gave, 15
 er income do I crave;

Rejoicing

Grafton * requir-

Proud that at once I can
King George's and the Muse

Endear'd to Britain and to thee,
Disjoin'd Hibernia, by the sea;

Employ'd by twice three anxious years,
By love, by wisdom, and by skill,

For he has sav'd thee 'gainst thy will.
But where shall Smedley make his

And lay his wand'ring head to rest?
Where shall he find a decent house

To treat his friends and cheer his
Oh, lack! my Lord, some pretty

In wholesome soil and ether pure,
The garden stor'd with artless fl.

Other angle shady bowers;
... with costly g
... edge be

ug, and warm, and neat,
 n'd, a safe retreat ;
 ton may it be,
 arve on ev'ry tree :
 keep it in repair,
 twice fifty pounds a-year
 do ; but if your Grace
 them hundreds—charming place
 could st shew another face.
 far north, my Lord, it lies,
 y hills, inclement skies ;
 with the Arctic wind,
 he polar axis grind.
 *, indeed, with beef and claret
 place warm, that one may bear it.
 urse to keep a table,
 soul as hospitable.
 good ; but assets fail
 th storms of snow and hail ;
 : country's thin of people,
 n meet but at the steeple ;
 ng Dean, that's gone to Down,
 l the thing without a frown ;
 a fatigu'd with sermon-study,
 brain grow dull and muddy,
 anion could be found
 e lazy bottle round ;

50

55

60

65

70

n Sterne, Bishop of Clogher, predecessor to
 Dean of St. Patrick's.

E

Sure then, for want of better f
To pledge, his clerk was ortho

Ah ! how unlike to Gerard
Where beaus and belles in pa
Where gilded chairs and coach
And jostle as they troll along
Where tea and coffee hourly fl
And grape-seed does in plenty
And Griz (no clock more cer
Exact at seven, " Hot mutton
There Lady Luna in her sphe
Once shone, when Paunchfort
But now she wanes, and, as '
Keeps sober hours, and goes to
There—but 'tis endless to wr
All the amusements of the To
And spouse will think herself
To trudge to Connor * from s

HIS GRACE'S ANSWER.

BY DR. SWIFT.

AR Smed ! I read thy brilliant lines,
 ere wit in all its glory shines ;
 ere compliments, with all their pride,
 by their numbers dignify'd ;
 ere to make you yet as clean
 as that same, *viz.* St. Patrick's Dean :
 give thee surplice, verge, and stall,
 may be, something else withal ;
 were you not so good a writer,
 I should present you with a mitre.
 ere worse then, if you can—be wise—
 give me 'tis the way to rise.
 ere not of making of thy nest ;
 never lay thy head to rest ;
 head so well with wisdom fraught,
 writes without the toil of thought :
 ere others rack their busy brains,
 ere are not in the least at pains.
 ere to your Dean'ry now repair,
 build a castle in the air ;
 ere are a man of your fine sense
 ere do it with a small expense :
 ere your dear spouse and you together
 breathe your bellies full of ether.
 Lady Luna is your neighbour,
 help your wife when she's in labour,



The glitt'ring const
About the grinding
The lovely tingling
Wrought by the m
Your spouse shall th
You need not fear a
Nor shall she think
For quitting her b
When she's exalter
She'll never think
When you're adv
You'll never think
But ever, ever live
And strive, and st
In her you'll centr

DEAN SWIFT

AT SIR ARTHUR ACHESON'S.

In the North of Ireland.

I.

THE Dean would visit Market-hill,
Our invitation was but slight;
I said—"Why, let him, if he will;"
And so I bid Sir A——r write.

II.

His manners would not let him wait,
Lest we should think ourselves neglected;
And so we saw him at our gate
Three days before he was expected.

III.

After a week, a month, a quarter,
And day succeeding after day,
Says not a word of his departure,
Tho' not a soul would have him stay.

IV.

I've said enough to make him blush,
Methinks, or else the devil's in't;
But he cares not for it a rush,
Nor for my life will take the hint.

V.

But you, my Dear! may let him know,
In civil language, if he stays,
How deep and foul the roads may grow,
And that he may command the chaise.

And, Sir, I know you - VII.

Or, Mr. Dean—I should with
Beg you would here continue
But we must go to Aghnacloy
Or Mr. Moore will take it ill.

VIII.

The house accounts are daily
So much his stay doth swell
My dearest Life! it is surpr
How much he eats, how m

IX.

His brace of puppies how t
And they must have three
Yet never think they get e
His horses, too, eat all ou
X

SONGS AND BALLADS *.

SUNG AT THE CLUB

AT MR. TAPLIN'S,

of the Drapier's Head in Truck-street.

regi monumentum aere perennius.

HOR.

SONG I.

I.

brisk merry lays
sing to the praise
honest patriot the Drapier,
all the world knows,
ended our foes
nothing but pen, ink, and paper.

5

II.

t divine
ro' ev'ry line,
ade all our hearts for to caper:
d us our goods,
unfounder'd Wood's;
ong life and health to the Drapier.

10

ne of the following Songs are evidently not of t'
writing; but as they bear some relation to the
spites in which he successfully engaged, and
been printed both in the English and Irish
is Works, we have not thought proper to



We well may presume,
They'll monuments raise to the
IV.

When senators meet,
They'll surely think fit
To honour and praise the good
Nay, juries shall join,
And sheriffs combine,
To thank him in well-written
V.

You men of the Comb,
Come, lay by your loom,
And go to the sign of The
To Taplin declare
You one and all are
Kind loving good friends t
VI.

SONG II.

I.

he Drapier's set up, and Wood is cry'd
 own,
 ds be made by the bards of the town,
 t the brave Drapier for what he has done,
 o body can deny, brave Boys! which no
 dy can deny.

II.

project to ruin this nation was laid, 5
 all our gold, and give brass in its stead,
 pier he writ, and knock'd all on the head,
 o body can deny, &c.

III.

e he address'd to men of all ranks,
 mely supported our trade and our banks, 10
 doubt the next session he'll have public
 o body can deny, &c. [thanks,

IV.

could imagine that some men in place
 bringing this Drapier to shame and disgrace,
 e had writ upon too nice a case? 15
 o body can deny, &c.

V.

— of this country should use all his skill
 il on a j—y for finding a bill,
 olve them because they thwarted his will?
 body can deny, &c. 20

And
Which no body can

VII.

And for the good things he has brought
We hear for a sign have set up his f
And wish we could set up his statue
Which no body can deny, &c.

VIII.

Then, Taplin, fill out a glass of
And let the King's health be drunk
Let it shine in his face and glow
Which no body can deny, &c.

IX.

For Carteret's merit a bumper pour
Whose faithful report of our loss
Has baffled our foes, and removed
Which no body can deny, &c.

X.

SONG. III.

I.

Dublin Drapier

to speak,

private interest,

country's sake,

honour led,

birds run ;

his country free

we undergone.

II.

persecuted

the state ;

Virtue guarded,

vile defeat :

world about,

hardly find

our to excel

Drapier's mind.

III.

born in Dublin,

when was he ;

went o'er to London,

to be :

the court

service so,

arm in his own land

bestow.

T' advance its wealth and fame,
And had the simple natives
Observ'd his sage advice,
Their wealth and fame, some years
Had reach'd above the skies.

V.

For oft' he them admonish'd
To mind the draping trade,
And wear no manufactures
But what themselves had made;
But whilst by thoughtless mortals
His schemes neglected lay,
Some foes unto their country's weal
His person would betray.

VI.

STAND BALLADS.

61

VII.

the Drapier
pride,
with patience
defy'd;
wrong,
flew,
less courage, he
threw.

30

55

VIII.

curs'd ingratitude
matter where)
ames in history
appear;
d his love,
their land,
d to deliver him
itor's hand.

60

IX.

er at this treatment
a whit dismay'd,
is country's safety,
n his own, afraid;
ly sent 'em word
nd the brunt of all,
would but secure the land
ood's sad brazen thrall.

65

70

IV.

F

And from whom
Who, their own turn to serve,
Most basely would agree,
To bring us in dependence,
Who are by nature free.

XI.

For he hath shewn most clearly
We can't be free by halves,
And those to subjects subject
Can be no less than slaves.
As yet no acts we've made,
And grant we never may,
To give our brethren title
To their pretended sway.

XII.

SONG IV.

free by nature,
power exert,
man creature
t assert.

1. Fill bumpers to the Drapier 5

convincing paper
boldly,
then fetters free.
al inspir'd us
id our country's fate,
writings fir'd us,
too late.

pers, &c.
nan spirit
mighty hero's breast:
inherit 10

make us blest.
pers, &c.

right in story, 20

Nassau once before,

all with glory,

ld mortal more?

npers, &c.

ls to the Drapier,

re his worthy name, 25

r to his Páper,

asting fame.

pers, &c.

Fill bumpers, —

SONG V.

WHEN Wood had like to have t
And canker'd all the nation,
The Drapier soon oppos'd his sui
And stemm'd his innovation.

As when by Winter's hoary cl
The meadows are involv'd,
When Phœbus shines upon the
They're by his rays dissolv'd;

So when the Drapier did mai
Our cause, to whom we're debt
The fire of his heroic vein
Destroy'd our brazen fetters.

Liberty by him's restor'

Toss off your bumpers, raise a song,
 He ne'er shall be forgotten;
 His name shall charm each list'ning throng,
 When Wood is dead and rotten.

Let healths go round: cheer up, my Boys! 25
 And, whilst the spirit moves ye,
 Devote the present time to joys—
 And music, as behoves ye.

Here, honest Taplin! spare no man;
 Go, fetch us t'other bottle? 30
 We'll dance like Phœbus, sing like Pan,
 And drink like Aristotle.

VI. A BALLAD.

ON THE GAME OF TRAFFIC.

*Written at the Castle of Dublin in the time of the
 Earl of Berkley's Government.*

I.

MY Lord, to find out who must deal,
 Delivers cards about,
 But the first knave does seldom fail
 To find the Doctor out.

II.

But then his Honour cry'd Godzooks, 5
 And seem'd to knit his brow;
 For on a knave he never looks
But he thinks upon Jack How.

Dame Floyd looks out in grave su
For pair-royals and sequents,
But wisely cautious of her pence,
The Castle seldom frequents.

V.

Quoth Herries, fairly putting case
" I'd won it on my word,
" If I had but a pair of aces,
" And could pick up a third."

VI.

But Weston has a new-cast gown
On Sundays to be fine in,
And if she can but win a crown,
'Twill just new-dye the lining.

VII.

- Diana Swift

VII.

O THE TUNE OF THE CUT-PURSE.

Written in the year 1703.*

I.

ONCE on a time, as old stories rehearse,
A friar would needs shew his talent in Latin,
But was sorely put to it in the midst of a verse,
Because he could find no word to come pat in;
Then all in the place 5
He left a void space,
And so went to bed in a desperate case:
When behold the next morning a wonderful riddle!
He found it was strangely fill'd up in the middle. 9

CHORUS.

Let censuring critics then think what they list on't;
Who would not write verses with such an assistant?

II.

This put me the friar into an amazement,
For he wisely consider'd it must be a sprite 13
That came thro' the key-hole, or in at the casement,
And it needs must be one that could both read and
Yet he did not know [write:
If it were friend or foe,
Or whether it came from above or below:

* Lady Betty Berkeley, finding in the Author's room some verses unfinished, underwrit a stanza of her own with raillery upon him, which gave occasion to this ballad, written by the Author in a counterfeit hand, as if a third person had done it. See the preceding ballad.

For me -
CHO. Let censuring - III.

Even so Master Doctor had puzzled his brain
In making a ballad, but was at a stand ;
He had mix'd little wit with a great deal of
When he found a new help from invisible
Then, good Doctor Swift!
Pay thanks for the gift,
For you freely must own you were at a
And tho' some malicious young spirit d
You may know by the hand it had no
CHO. Let censuring, &c.

VIII. AN EXCELLENT NEW
ON A SEDITIOUS PAMPHLE
To the Tune of Packington's P

ty things more : now hear what the law says,
 ' will not wear them is not the King's lover.

Printer and Dean 5
 uly mean

Irish hearts from old England to wean,
 ay, English silks for our wives and our
 daughters,
 of his Deanship and journeyman Waters.

II.

and the dead in woollen are clad, 10
 an and his Printer then let us cry fly on;
 both'd like a catcase would make a Teague
 mad,
 living dog better is than a dead lion.

as they grow sullen
 ing of woollen, 15
 we poor shopkeepers must our horns pull in:
 e'll buy English silks for our wives and our
 daughters,
 of his Deanship and journeyman Waters.

III.

r our trading with England would hinder,
 me both the nations do plainly conspire, 20
 Irish linen will soon turn to tinder,
 ol it is greasy and quickly takes fire :
 re I assure ye
 le grand jury,
 hey saw the Dean's book they were in a
 great fury; 25

And before we come to
Henceforward shall print neither pamphlet
And, if sweeping can do't, shall be
maul'd:

And as for the Dean,
You know whom I mean,
If the Printer will peach him he'll
Then we'll buy English silks for
our daughters,
In spite of his Deanship and journey

MR. WILL WOOD'S
TO THE PEOPLE OF IR

Being an excellent New
made and sung in, th

II.

ell, to my grief,
 as neck-beef,
 pare at cards to your wife,
 y day
 dren may play
 hing, or Toss on the knife.

10

III.

her and try,
 you to buy
 good ale for a farthing's
 reepeace a score,
 no more,
 for the Drapier and Harding*.

15

IV.

desmen have gold
 will be bold
 id by night for to rob him:
 r is such
 : will touch,
 ou may daintily bob him.

20

V.

blackguard,
 very hard
 ence for cleaning your shoes,
 pockets are cramm'd
 e, and be d——'d,
 wear he has nothing to lose.

25

30

* The Drapier's printer.

pu

K,
in a sudden.

or Fade* ;

d of a trade.
VIII.

re
more
retched condition ;
not pass,
an ass ;
clude my Petition.

ous bankers.

AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD :
OR, THE TRUE ENGLISH DEAN *
TO BE HANGED FOR A RAPE.

Written in the year 1730.

I.

OUR brethren of England, who love us so dear,
And in all they do for us so kindly do mean,
A blessing upon them ! have sent us this year,
For the good of our church, a true English Dean :
A holier priest ne'er was wrapt up in crape ;
The worst you can say, he committed a Rape. 5

II.

In his journey to Dublin he lighted at Chester,
And there he grew fond of another man's wife ;
Burst into her chamber, and would have caress'd her,
But she valu'd her honour much more than her life.
She bustled, and struggled, and made her escape
To a room full of guests, for fear of a Rape. 12

III.

The Dean he pursu'd to recover his game ;
And now to attack her again he prepares ;
But the company stood in defence of the dame ; 15
They cudgell'd and cuff'd him, and kick'd him
down stairs.

His Deanship was now in a damnable scrape,
And this was no time for committing a Rape.

* Sawbridge, Dean of Fernes.

And got a good clap, but then

V.

The Dean and his landlord, a jol
Resolv'd for a fortnight to swim
For why, they had both been brou
Of drinking all day, and of whori
His landlord was ready his Dean
In ev'ry debauch but committing

VI.

This Protestant zealot, this Engl
In church and in state was of pri
Was truer than Steele to the Han
And griev'd that a Tory should
Shall a subject so loyal be hang'd
For no other crime but committi

VII.

And then he was sent to the gallies

VIII.

e should please but to take such a trotchet,
 I apply, great Smedley's successor)
 her lawn sleeves, a mitre and rochet, 45
 couldst thou resemble? I leave thee a guesser;
 y behold thee in Atherton's shape,
 my hang'd, as thou for a Rape.

IX.

t thou not envy the brave Col'nel Chartres,
 i'd for thy crime at threescore and ten? 50
 him all England would lend him their gar-
 ves, and is ready to ravish again. [ters,
 otte thyself with an ell of strong tape,
 hast not a groat to atone for a Rape. 54

X.

[willing;

n he was vex'd that his whores were so
 l for a girl that would struggle and squall;
 i'd her fairly, and sav'd a good shilling,
 was to pay the devil and all.

le and sorrows now come in a heap,
 g'd he must be for committing a Rape. 60

XI.

is are ravish'd it is their own choice;
 they so wilful to struggle with men?
 ould but lie quiet, and stifle their voice,
 no dean could ravish 'em then;
 d there be need of a strong hempen cape 65
 nd the Dean's neck for committing a Rape.
of Waterford, sent from England 100 years

And better would give
But, Lord ! how the rab
Whenthe good English !

XI. A L

IN THE MO

Written in t

FLUTT'RING spread
Gentle Cupid ! o'er m
I a slave in thy domin
Nature must give way

Mild Arcadians, ever
Nightly nodding o'er

SONGS AND BALLADS.

77

h my ever-waking slumbers ;
ht Apollo ! lend thy choir.

15

V.

omy Pluto ! king of terrors !
n'd in adamantine chains,
d me to the crystal mirrors
t'ring soft Elysian plains.

20

VI.

urnful cypress ! verdant willow !
ling my Aurelia's brows ;
rpheus ! hov'ring o'er my pillow,
r me pay my dying vows.

VII.

ancholy smooth Meander
fly purling in a round,
thy margin lovers wander,
h thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

25

VIII.

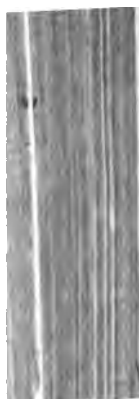
is when Philomela drooping
ly seeks her silent mate,
the bird of Juno stooping,
ody resigns to Fate.

30

XII. A LOVE-SONG.

UD in is almi des ire,
his tres I ne ver re qui re ;
ver i findit a gestis,
mi seri ne ver at restis.

4



JOLLY boys of St. Kevan's, St
And Smithfield, I'll tell you, i
How B—th that booby, and S
Hath insulted us all by insulti

Knock him down, down, dow
The Dean and his merits we e
But this skip of a lawyer, where t
How greater's his merit at Four
Than the barking of Towzer o

Knock him down, &c.
That he came from the Temple
But where his deep law is few
His rhet'ric, bombast, silly jest
More like to lampooning than j

Knock him down, &c.
This pedler, at sneaking and —

ed hat, and blue bonnet, and turbant's the same ;
 What the devil is't to him whence the devil they came ?

Knock him down, &c. [Naylor,
 Iobbes, Tindal, and Woolston, and Collins, and
 And Muggleton, Tolland, and Bradley the tailor,
 Are Christians alike; and it may be averr'd
 He's a Christian as good as the rest of the herd.

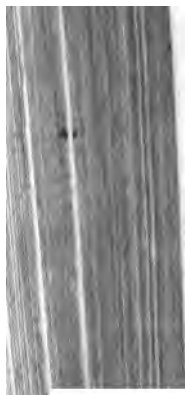
Knock him down, &c. 30
 He only the rights of the clergy debates,
 Their rights! their importance! we'll set on new
 rates [less:

On their tythes at half-nothing, their priesthood at
 What's next to be voted with ease you may guess.

Knock him down, &c. 35
 At length his old master (I need not him name)
 To this damnable speaker had long ow'd a shame ;
 When his speech came abroad he paid him off clean,
 By leaving him under the pen of the Dean.

Knock him down, &c. 40
 He kindled, as if the whole satire had been
 The oppression of Virtue, not wages of Sin :
 He began as he bragg'd, with a rant and a roar ;
 He bragg'd how he bounc'd, and he swore how he
 swore.

Knock him down, &c. 45
 Tho' he cring'd to his Deanship in very low strains,
 To others he boasted of knocking out brains,
 And slitting of noses and cropping of ears,
 While his own ass's zaggs were more fit for the shears.
 Knock him down, &c. 50



And Smithfield, as Rap w
We'll oil him with kentr
grains,

A modus right fit for ins

Knock him down, &c

And when this is over, v

To the Dean he shail g
friends:

But how? Why, the Dea

A face for to kiss withou

Knock him down, &c

If you say this is hard, o

That serjeant at law who

You mistake; for a slave

May be proud to be lickin

Knock him down. &

V. DINGLEY * AND BRENT †.

A SONG.

To the tune of Ye Commons and Peers.

I.

DINGLEY and Brent,
 erever they went,
 er minded a word that was spoken;
 atever was said
 ey ne'er troubled their head,
 laugh'd at their own silly joking. 5

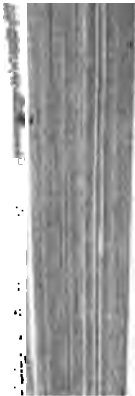
II.

uld Solomon wise
 majesty rise,
 d shew them his wit and his learning,
 ey never would hear,
 turn the deaf ear,
 a matter they had no concern in. 10

III.

a tell a good jest,
 d please all the rest,
 nes Dingley, and asks you, What was it? 15
 d, curious to know,
 ay she will go
 seek an old rag in the closet. 18

*Dingley, Dr. Swift's housekeeper.**Brent, a gentleman of wit and learning, who had written
 the sarcastic verses upon Sheridan.*



AN ORATOR DISMAY OF NOTHING!
Who has forty years let out his
Out of zeal for his country, and
Is come up, *vi et armis* to break
He has vamp'd an old Speech
their sorrow,

Shall hear him harangue again
When once he begins he never
But repeats the same note a while
I have heard all the speech repeat
And, mistakes to prevent, I ha

THE SPEECH

WHEREAS, notwithstanding;
To hear we are making a peace
But, most noble Senators! 'ti

Tories were in my good graces,
 ings were put into places ;
 principle ever the same, 5
 my best friends while I'm not in game.
 some others subscribed our names
 pelling my master King James,
 subscription by help of a blot,
 iscover or gain by the plot : 20
 tage, and stood at defiance,
 got from the den of the lions :
 out danger ; and was I to blame ?
 hang I would be not in game.
 : Queen that the Prince of H—er 25
 red life should never come over :
 trope, that an heir to invite,
 ig her monument always in sight ;
 ight proper I alter'd my note,
 hearing I boldly did vote 30
 ty stood in great need of a tutor,
 an old or a young coadjutor :
 ld fain have put all in a flame,
 ne reasons, I was not in game. 34
 benefactors have brought me about,
 gainst peace with Spain, or without.
 gives my nephews, and brothers, and
 ole family, places by dozens, [cousins,
 w where a full purse may be found,
 eightpence tax in the pound ; 40
 have thus disappointed my hopes,
 regard my figures nor tropes,

Written by Dr. STARR

I.

DARE you dispute, you scamp, here
And think there's no refelling
Your scurvy lays, and senectus gets
You give to Ballyspellin?

II.

Howe'er you bounce, I here profess
Your medicine is repelling;
Your water's mud, and sears you
When drank at Ballyspellin.

III.

Those pocky drabs, to cure their
You thither are compelling,
Will back be sent worse than the

SONGS AND BALLADS.

V.

It fit to try your wit
 nu went colonelling,
intrigues 'twixt jades and Teagues
: at Ballyspellin.

VI.

as fair, say what you dare,
ving make with shelling,
et-hill more beaus can kill
urs at Ballyspellin.

VII.

was whipt when Shelah stript
herself our well in ;
so white ne'er came in sight
y Ballyspellin.

VIII.

twkins there smocks hempen wear,
und not an ell in ;
a rag, whate'er you brag,
at Ballyspellin.

IX.

n will prate at any rate,
r nymphs expelling,
he gets a few grizets
r Ballyspellin.

X.

bonny Jane in yonder lane,
against the Bell Inn ;
an you meet a lass so sweet
/ your Ballyspellin ?

The

How would you stare to see her
The foggy mist dispelling,
That cloud the brows of ev'ry
Who lives at Ballyspellin !

XIII.

Now as I live I would not gi
A stiver for a skellin,
To towse and kiss the fairest
That leaks at Ballyspellin.

XIV.

Whoe'er will raise such lies
Deserves a good cudgelling
Who falsely boasts of belle
At dirty Ballyspellin.

XV

to all

RIDDLES.

I.

A RIDDLE.

Written in the year 1724.*

Exalted high in air,
In the waters fair,
To form me took delight,
My body all in white;
I'm tall, and slender waist
On side with fringes grac'd,
That tyrant man espy'd,
He g'd me from my mother's side:
Now I look so thin;
He stripp'd me to the skin: 10
He flay'd, my hair he cropt,
And foot my body lopt,
I, with heart more hard than stone,
He d my marrow from the bone.

The ingenious gentlemen, friends to the Author, entertain themselves with writing Riddles, and send them to him and their other acquaintance, copies ran about, and some of them were printed both in England and Ireland. The Author, at his leisure fell into the same amusement, although it is said he thought them of no great merit, entertainment, &c. However, by the advice of some persons for whom the Author had a great esteem, and who were pleased with the copies, the few following have been published (which are allowed to be genuine) because we are that several good judges have a taste for such compositions.



And makes me tell a
To me he chiefly gi
To please his malice
From me no secret h
I see his vanity and
And my delight is t
His follies to his gre
All languages I ca
Yet not a word I un
Without my aid the
In learning would n
The lawyer must for
The scholar could no
Nay, man my mas
I give command to k
Can grant ten thousa

II.

ANOTHER.

RULING tyrant of the earth,
 est slaves I owe my birth.
 the greatest monarch bless'd,
 in my gaudy liv'ry dress'd !
 ighty nymph has pow'r to run] 5
 me, or my embraces shun.
 d to the heart, condemn'd to flame,
 nstancy is still the same.
 av'rite messenger of Jove,
 Lemnian god, consulting strove 10
 ake me glorious to the sight
 ortal, and the gods' delight :
 would their altars' flame expire
 efuse to lend them fire. 14

III.

ANOTHER.

ate exalted high in place,
 here I stand with double face ;
 ior none on earth I find,
 ee below me all mankind :
 s it oft' attends the great, 5
 ost sink with my own weight.
 ery motion undertook,
 vulgar all consult my look :
 etimes give advice in writing,
 ver of my own inditing. 10

For the
And some give
To lust, and luxury, and
Who punishment on me inflict;
Because they find their pockets pick'd;
By riding post I lost my health;
And only to get others wealth.

IV. ANOTHER.

BECAUSE I am by nature blind,
I wisely chuse to walk behind;
However, to avoid disgrace,
I let no creature see my face.
My words are few, and spoke with
And yet my speaking gives offence
When whisper I presume,
Will fly the room.

RIDDLES.

Yet, tho' I always have my will,
I'm but a mere depender still ;
An humble hanger-on at best,
Of whom all people make a jest.
In me detractors seek to find
Two vices of a diff'rent kind :
I'm too profuse, some cens'ers cry,
And all I get I let it fly ;
While others give me many a curse,
Because too close I hold my purse.
But this I know, in either case
They dare not charge me to my face.
'Tis true, indeed, sometimes I save,
Sometimes run out of all I have ;
But when the year is at an end,
Computing what I get and spend,
My goings-out and comings-in,
I cannot find I lose or win,
And therefore all that know me say,
I justly keep the middle way.
I'm always by my betters led ;
I last get up, am first a-bed ;
Tho' if I rise before my time,
The learn'd in sciences sublime
Consult the stars, and thence foretel
Good luck to those with whom I dwell.

V.

ANOTHER.

THE joy of man, the pride of brutes,
Domestic subject for disputes,

RIDDLES.

to the emblem fair,
nymphs with all their care,
rais'd to high renown;

g half the British crown;
then have I seen thee grace
waste Disna's infant face,

as useful is her light than thine;
ny num'rous fingers know their way,
and oft' in Celia's tresses play.

To place thee in another view,
I'll shew the world strange things and true:
What lords and dames of high degree
May justly claim their birth from thee!

The soul of man with spleen you vex;
been you cure the female sex.
gift the courtier sends
his special friends;

en'rous pride,
to hide,

12

15

RIDDLES.

93

Or but a creature of the brain,
That gives imaginary pain?
But the sly giver better knows thee,
Who feels true joys when he bestows thee.

36

VI.

ANOTHER.

THO' I, alas! a pris'ner be,
My trade is pris'ners to set free.
No slave his lord's commands obeys
With such insinuating ways :
My genius piercing, sharp, and bright,
Wherein the men of wit delight.
The clergy keep me for their ease,
And turn and wind me as they please.
A new and wondrous art I show
Of raising spirits from below ;
In scarlet some, and some in white,
They rise, walk round, yet never fright :
In at each mouth the spirits pass,
Distinctly seen as thro' a glass,
O'er head and body make a rout,
And drive at last all secrets out,
And still the more I show my art,
The more they open ev'ry heart.

10

15

A greater chymist none than I,
Who from materials hard and dry
Have taught men to extract with skill
More precious juice than from a still.

20



Yet the plain 'squire, who
Is never pleas'd till I make
He kindly bids me near him
And often takes me by the

I twice a-day a-hunting
Nor ever fail to seize my foe
And when I have him by
I drag him upwards from
Tho' some are of so stubb
I'm forc'd to leave a limb

I hourly wait some fat
For I can break, but soon

v

ANO

RIDDLES.

95

it mortify thy pride,
 he true impartial side !
 your eyes contain their tears,
 the sad reverse appears ! 10
 ve within its womb confines
 esult of all designs :
 eposited the spoils
 ortals' endless toils ;
 an easy search we find 15
 corruptions of mankind ;
 hed purchase here behold
 s who their country sold.
 alf insatiable imbibes
 er's fees the statesman's bribes : 20
 heir proper shape and mien,
 rjury, and Guilt, are seen.
 ty, the tyrant's law,
 n race must hither draw ;
 pted by the same desire, 25
 ous youth and aged sire.
 e coward and the brave,
 hty prince, the humble slave,
 , lawyer, and divine,
 oblations at this shrine. 30
 r boldly, some by stealth,
 e behind their fruitless wealth ;
 the bashful sylvan maid,
 sham'd and half afraid,
 ing finds it hard to part 35
 which dwelt so near her heart,

RIDDLES.

The courtly dame, unmov'd by fear,
 Profusely pours her off'rings here.

A treasure here of learning lurks,
 Huge heaps of never-dying works;
 Labours of many an ancient sage,
 And millions of the present age,

In at this gulf all off'rings pass,
 And lie an undistinguish'd mass.

Deucalion to restore mankind
 Was bid to throw the stones behind;
 So those who here their gifts convey,
 Are forc'd to look another way ;
 For few, a chosen few, must know
 The mysteries that lie below.

Sad charnel-house ! a dismal dome,
 Which all mortals leave their home ;
 The beautiful, and brave,
 The beautiful, and brave,

RIDDLES.

97

six virgins in a tomb,
 s offspring of one womb,
 ain of Venus seen,
 ovely as their queen,
 ents each was drest,
 gold and purple vest
 f their garments stript,
 were cut, their bellies ript;
 hey bury'd, twice were born,
 heir sepulchres were torn;
 nember'd, here are cast,
 sting-place at last.
 ie curious trav'ler finds
 f opposing winds,
 learn the secret cause
 seems from Nature's laws;
 cave's tremendous mouth
 nce both north and south;
 winds in caverns pent
 ppugnant force a vent;
 op'ning all his stores,
 in tempest roars.
 his mingled mass of things
 / creation springs:
 materials once shall rise
 th, and air and skies;
 rms appear again
 , brutes and men:
 ounc'd among the gods,
 bling as he nods.

70

75

80

85

90

96

The
Who
The
The
The
The
The
The
The
The

10

75

RIDDLES.

99

ler, Strephon, what you do, 25
 ld I die for love of you,
 t thy dreams a bloodless ghost ;
 ny kin, a num'rous host,
 wn direct our lineage bring
 tors o'er the Memphian king, 30
 d in sieges and campaigns,
 er fled the bloody plains,
 tempestuous seas can sport,
 rn the pleasures of a court ;
 om great Sylla found his doom, 35
 urg'd to death that scourge of Rome,
 thee take a vengeance dire ;
 e Alcides shalt expire,
 s envenom'd shirt he wore,
 and flesh in pieces tore ; 40
 that shirt, my rival's gift,
 the piece that made her shift,
 thy dearest blood be dy'd,
 e thee tear thy tainted hide. 44

IX.

ANOTHER.

Written in the year 1725.

'D of root, and branch, and rind,
 rs I bear of ev'ry kind,
 is my prolific pow'r,
 n in less than half an hour ;

They

My head with ground

And yet I firmly stand my grou

All over naked I am seen,

And painted like an Indian que

No couple-beggar in the land

Ere join'd such numbers hand i

I join them fairly with a ring,

Nor can our parson blame the th

And tho' no marriage-words are

They part not till the ring is br

Yet hypocrite fanatics cry,

I'm but an idol rais'd on high;

And once a weaver in our town

A damn'd Cromwellian, knock

I lay a pris'ner twenty years,

And then the jovial Cavaliers

RIDDLES.

101

at will raise your admiration,
one of God's creation,
ing, (and I this truth maintain)
as, from my father's brain ;
all, I chiefly owe
y to the shades below.

10

ndrous forms you see me wear,
woman, lion, bear,
fowl, a cloud, a field ;
s heav'n or earth can yield :
hne, sometimes in a tree ;
ot one of all you see.

15

18

XI.

ANOTHER.

IN, and born, and dying, with noise,
of women and pleasure of boys ;
tion of poets concerning the wind,
unruly when strongest confin'd.
and gold I don't trouble my head,
elight in is pieces of lead,
en I trade with a ship or a town,
I make pieces of iron go down.
ty more I would have you remark,
is ever more fond of a spark ;
nt I get one my soul's all a-fire,
y joy, and in transport expire.

6

12

1 HERE IS - 5

That stands 'twixt heav'n, and e
Where many for a passage vent
But very few are fond to enter;
Altho' 'tis open night and day,
They for that reason shun this v
Both dukes and lords abhor its v
They can't come near it for the l
What other way they take to go,
Another time I'll let you know.
Yet commoners, with greatest ea
Can find an entrance when they p
The poorest hither march in stat
(Or they can never pass the gate;
Like Roman generals triumphant
And then they take a turn and j
The poorest parsons here advance,

RIDDLES.

XII.

ANOTHER.

ate, we know full well
twist heav'n, and earth
for a passage venture
Are fond to enter;
ight and day,
on this way
tether its wheel,
it for the balance
ake to go,
low.

I'm bright as an a
But heavy and dar
Tho' candour and
Yet many poor cr
Tho' so much of
The foulest imp
My parent and
The mother the

I'm up and d
Yet all the w
Tho' hundre
They never
I'm found a
Nay, in the
There's nei
Can move

I AM je
The sor
Yet all
I'm dea

Or still more

III.

My blood this day is very sweet,
To-morrow of a bitter juice;
Like milk 'tis cry'd about the stre
And so apply'd to different use.

IV.

Most wondrous is my magic pow'
For with one colour I can paint;
I'll make the devil a saint this ho
Next make a devil of a saint.

V.

Thro' distant regions I can fly,
Provide me but with paper wings
And fairly shew a reason why
There should be quarrels among

VI.

XVI.

ANOTHER.

ing, never cloying,
ing, all destroying,
ing full repast
he world at last.

4

XVII.

ANOTHER.

tle airy creatures,
rent voice and features;
in glass is set,
you'll find in jet,
a may see in tin,
urth a box within;
you should pursue,
r fly from you.

4

8

XVIII.

ANOTHER.

in one you'll find,
a wondrous kind;
us all no brother
tittle of the other.
ent councils are,
rks of things declare,

5

the rest
ent that he close
r else reposes.
ought or victuals drest
them for the rest.
s all with wounding sta
il of us will feel.
thousand cannons roar
them ten thousand more
one of us is found
egards the dreadful sor
what is not fit to tell,
e's but one of us can s

XIX
ANOT
FONTINELLA

on my bosom
their

not the least love-surprise,
 endless tears flow down in streams :
 there's nought so beautiful in thee,
 that you may find the same in me.

5

II.

The lilies of thy skin compare,
 In me you see them full as white ;
 The roses of your cheeks, I dare
 Affirm, can't glow to more delight :
 Then since I shew as fine a face,
 Can you refuse a soft embrace ?

10

III.

Ah, lovely nymph ! thou'rt in thy prime,
 And so am I whilst thou art here,
 But soon will come the fatal time
 When all we see shall disappear.
 'Tis mine to make a just reflection,
 And your's to follow my direction.

15

IV.

Then catch admirers while you may ;
 Treat not your lovers with disdain ;
 For time with beauty flies away,
 And there is no return again.
 To you the sad account I bring,
 This autumn has no second spring.

20

24

RIDDLES.

d and young,
 out a tongue;
 ing can confound me,
 ing round me;
 rave, and gabble,
 s of Babel.
 or cow,
 n low;
 an sing,
 of the spring.
 bard complain,
 cruel pain;
 in rejoice,
 lping voice.
 , grief or joy;
 t and toy.
 1 stout,

5

10

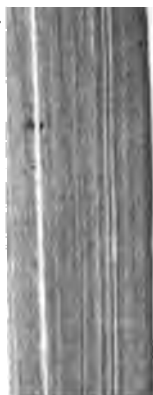
15

Most thing
 And as I ple
 Invading foes
 With ease I r
 Again, as I'n
 Will come, th
 Both mountain
 And gaming
 And lowing t
 Come dancin
 The greatest
 Does instantl

XXI.

ANOTHER.

MOST things by me do rise and fall,
 And as I please they're great and small;
 Invading foes, without resistance
 With ease I make to keep their distance.
 Again, as I'm dispos'd, the foe 5
 Will come, tho' not a foot they go.
 Both mountains, woods, and hills, and rocks,
 And gaming goats, and fleecy flocks,
 And lowing herds, and piping swains,
 Come dancing to me o'er the plains. 10
 The greatest whale that swims the sea
 Obeys instantly my pow'r obey.
 In vain from me the sailor flies;
 The quickest ship I can surprise,
 And turn it as I have a mind, 15
 And move it against tide and wind:
 Say, bring me here the tallest man,
 I'll squeeze him to a little span;
 Or bring a tender child and pliant,
 You'll see me stretch him to a giant; 20
 Or shall they in the least complain,
 Because my magic gives no pain. 22



Many to our counters run,
Some are made, and some und
But men find it to their cost,
Few are made, but numbers h
Tho' we play them tricks for
Yet they always hope our fav

XXIII.

A RIDDLE. BY DI

Inscribed to the Lac

I REACH all things near me,
Without stretching a finger e
I take them all in too, to add
Tho' many and various, and
Without jostling or crowding

u'll believe what the poets have said, 15
 ll you I kill, and can call back the dead.
 rers, safe in my circle I dwell;
 ook black too, it heightens my spell.
 magic is mighty in every hue,
 all my power must see it in you. 20

XXIV.

The foregoing Riddle answered

BY DR. SWIFT.

alf an eye
 le I spy.
 your wicket
 in by a thicket,
 ever passes 5
 thro' glasses.
 it is quiet;
 ny it:
 s about,
 stirring out; 10
 n so weak
 it a tweak:
 , and devotion
 ays in motion.
 or the tragic 15
 'its magic,
 ou say it can kill,
 e at its will,
 are all sound
 e aboveground. 20

It cannot be wit,
Which plainly does follow,
Since it flies from Apollo.
Its cowardice such,
It cries at a touch;
'Tis a perfect milksop,
Grows drunk with a drop.
Another great fault,
It cannot bear salt;
And a hair can disarm
It of every charm.

XXV.
A RIDDLE. BY DR. S.

To my Lady Carteret

FROM India's burning clime I'm
With cooling gales by zephyrs fra
The Iris, when she paints the sky
In different hues t

EPIGRAMS.

I.

EPIGRAM,

*ing a worthy prelate go out of St. Anne's church,
time of divine service, to wait on his Grace
of D—— on his arrival.*

o Pam in the church (could you think it?)
kneel'd down,
hen told the Lieutenant was just come to town,
ation despising, unaw'd by the place,
es from his God to attend on his Grace.
e court it was fitter to pay his devotion, 5
God had no hand in his Lordship's promotion.

II.

ON STEPHEN DUCK,

THE THRASHER AND FAVOURITE POET.

A QUIBBLING EPIGRAM.

Written in the year 1730.

Thrasher Duck could o'er the Queen prevail;
proverb says, No fence against a flail.
thrashing can he turn to thrash his brains,
which her Majesty allows him grain; 4
'tis confess'd that those who ever saw
sema, think them all not worth a straw.



AN EPIGRAM

ON WOOD'S BRASS

CART'RET was welcom'd to th
First with the brazen cannons'
To meet him next the soldier o
With brazen trumps and braze
Approaching near the town, h
The brazen bell salute his ear
But when Wood's brass bega
Guns, trumpets, drums, and

IV.

ANOTE

ON THE D—E
— the D

VI.

AN EPIGRAM ON DIC.

C, heris agro at an da quarto finale,
a ringat ure no san da stringat ure tale.

2

VII.

EPIGRAM

Written upon a window in an Inn.

E fly from luxury and wealth,
hardships in pursuit of health;
om gen'rous wines and costly fare,
nd dozing in an easy chair;
rsue the goddess Health in vain,
find her in a country scene,
nd ev'ry where her footsteps trace,
nd see her marks in ev'ry face;
nd still her favourites we meet,
owding the roads with naked feet;
t, oh! so faintly we pursue,
e ne'er can have her full in view.

5

10

12

VIII.

ANOTHER.

HE glass, by lovers' nonsense blurr'd,
ms and obscures our sight;
when our passions love hath stirr'd,
urkens reason's light.



*Written upon a window where
before.*

THANKS to my stars I once c
A window here from scribblin
Here no conceited coxcombs pa
To scratch their paltry drabs o
No party-fool is calling names
Or dealing crowns to George

X.

ANOTHER, AT

MY landlord is civil,
dear as the d—l.

XI.

OTHER, IN CHESTER.

of this town
 renown,
 gers delight to walk round 'em ; 3
 the dwellers,
 s and sellers,
 u may hang 'em or drown 'em. 6

XII.

THER, AT HOLYHEAD.

NE ! Neptune ! must I still
 ain'd against my will ?
 r justice, when I'm come
 hundred miles from home,
 tains steep, o'er dusty plains, 5
 d with dust, half drown'd with rains,
 godship to implore,
 kiss your other shore ?
 small ! but I may weep,
 're, like Baal, fast asleep. 10

XIII.

EPIGRAM.

as was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
 the street, and fled for his life ;

Written upon a window-pane
before.

THANKS to my stars I once
A window here from scribbling
Here no conceited coxcombs p
To scratch their paltry drabs
No party-fool is calling name
Or dealing crowns to George

X.

ANOTHER, AT

MY landlord is civil,
But dear as the d—l:
Your pockets grow empty

XI.

ANOTHER, IN CHESTER.

THE walls of this town
 Are full of renown,
 And strangers delight to walk round 'em ; 3
 But as for the dwellers,
 Both buyers and sellers,
 For me you may hang 'em or drown 'em. 6

XII.

ANOTHER, AT HOLYHEAD.

O NEPTUNE ! Neptune ! must I still
 Be here detain'd against my will ?
 Is this your justice, when I'm come
 Above two hundred miles from home,
 O'er mountains steep, o'er dusty plains, 5
 Half chok'd with dust, half drown'd with rains,
 Only your godship to implore,
 To let me kiss your other shore ?
 A boon so small ! but I may weep,
 Whilst you're, like Bæal, fast asleep. 10

XIII.

EPIGRAM.

As Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
 Took to the street, and fled for his life ;

Too wise

That he sent to all three a

Three duels he fought, thrice

Went home, and was cudgell'd

AN INSCRIP

INTENDED FOR A COMP

SWIFT'S MONU

Designed by Cunningham, on C

SAY, to the Drapier's vast u

What added honours can the

None.—'Tis a sanction from

Must bid the sculptor and h

June 4. 1765.

XIV

XV.

*A gentleman, dining with some company on a
 ry, called for some bacon and eggs: the rest
 very angry, and reproved him for so heinous
 whereupon he wrote the following lines ex-
 te.*

r en croire avec bon sens	
lardon le mit en colere ?	
ie manger un harang,	3
un secret pour luy plaire ?	
gloire envelopé	
t'il bien de nos soupé ?"	6

IN ENGLISH.

can believe, with common sense,	
1-slice gives God offence ?	
a herring hath a charm	3
ty vengeance to disarm ?	
ip in majesty divine,	
regard on what we dine ?	6

XVI.

THE BALANCE OF EUROPE.

*Europe's balanc'd, neither side prevails,
 ing's left in either of the scales.* 2

ELEGIES AND

I. AN E

On the suppos

PARTRIDGE THE A

WELL, 'tis as Bickerstaff
Tho' we all took it for a jest
Partridge is dead : nay, more
Ere he could prove the good
Strange an astrologer should
Without one wonder in the
Not one of all his crony staid
To pay their duty at his hearse
No meteor, no eclipse, app



And in his fancy fly as I
To peep upon a twinkling
Besides, he could confound
And set the planets by the
To shew his skill, he made
To Venus in aspect malign
Then call in Mercury for
And cure the wounds that
Great scholars have in
When Philip King of Greece
His soul and spirit did divide
And each part took a different
One rose a star, the other
Beneath, and mended shoes
Thus Partridge still shined
The cockatrice

ELEGIES AND EPITAPHS.

123

Or thro' a chink convey their smoke,
Inclos'd artificers to choke.

Thou, high exalted in thy sphere,
May'st follow still thy calling there :

80

To thee the Bull will lend his hide,

By Phœbus newly tann'd and dry'd ;

For thee they Argo's hulk will tax,

And scrape her pitchy sides for wax ;

Then Ariadne kindly lends

85

Her braided hair to make thee ends ;

The point of Sagittarius' dart

Turns to an awl by heav'nly art ;

And Vulcan, wheedled by his wife,

Will forge for thee a paring knife :

90

For want of room by Virgo's side

She'll strain a point and sit astride,

To take thee kindly in between,

And then the signs will be thirteen.

94

THE EPITAPH.

HERE, five foot deep, lies on his back

A cobbler, starmonger, and quack,

Who to the stars, in pure good will,

Does to his best look upwards still.

Weep, all you customers that use

5

His pills, his almanacs, or shoes ;

And you that did your fortunes seek,

Step to his grave but once a week :

This earth, which bears his body's part,
 You'll find has so much virtue in't,
 That I durst pawn my ears 'twill tell
 Whate'er concerns you full as well,
 In physic, stolen goods, or love,
 As he himself could when above.

II. AN ELEGY

ON THE MUCH LAMENTED DEATH OF

The famous rich Usurer, who died the 6th

Written in the year 1720.

Know all men by these presents, Dead
 By mortgage hath secur'd the corpse of
 Nor can four hundred thousand Sterling
 from his prison under ground
 wealth

Where'er he went he never saw his betters ; 15
 Lords, knights, and 'squires, were all his humble
 And under hand and seal the Irish nation [debtors ;
 Were forc'd to own to him their obligation.

He that could once have half a kingdom bought,
 In half a minute is not worth a groat. 20

His coffers from the coffin could not save,
 Nor all his int'rest keep him from the grave.
 A golden monument would not be right,
 Because we wish the earth upon him light.

Oh, London Tavern * ! thou hast lost a friend, 25
 Tho, in thy walls he ne'er did farthing spend :
 He touch'd the pence when others touch'd the pot :
 The hand that sign'd the mortgage paid the shot.

Old as he was, no vulgar known disease
 On him could ever boast a power to seize ; 30
 But as his gold he weigh'd, grim Death in spite
 Cast in his dart, which made three moidores light :

And as he saw his darling money fail,
 Blew his last breath to sink the lighter scale.
 He who so long was current, 'twould be strange 35
 If he should now be cry'd down since his change.

The sexton shall green sods on thee bestow:
 Alas ! the sexton is thy banker now.
 A dismal banker must that banker be
 Who gives no bills but of mortality. 40

A tavern in Dublin where Demar kept his office.



Have put his carcass in a chest
The very chest in which, they
His other self, his money, lay
And if his heirs continue kin
To that dear self he left behind
I dare believe that four in five
Will think his better half alive

III. A SATIRE.

On the death

A LATE FAMOUS

HIS Grace! impossible! what
Of old age too, and in his be

ELEGIES AND EPITAPHS.

This world he cumber'd long enough;
He burnt his candle to the snuff;
And that's the reason, some folks think,
He left behind so great a st—k.
Behold his funeral appears,
Nor widow's sighs nor orphan's tears,
Wont at such times each heart to pierce,
Attend the progress of his herse.
But what of that? his friends may say
He had those honours in his day.
True to his profit and his pride,
He made them weep before he dy'd.

Come hither, all ye empty things,
Ye bubbles rais'd by breath of kings,
Who flote upon the tide of state,
Come hither, and behold your fate!
Let pride be taught by this rebuke
How very mean a thing's a duke;
From all his ill-got honours flung,
Turn'd to that dirt from whence he sprung.

IV. AN EPITAPH

ON GENERAL G****s AND LADY M**

I.

UNDER this stone lie Dicky and Dolly;
Doll dying first, Dick grew melancholy,
For Dick without Doll thought living a folly

Thought much of his Dol
The first vex'd him much

IV

Thus loaded with grief Dic
To live without both full t
But lik'd neither loss, and

V.

Dick left a pattern few wil
Then, Reader, pray shed
For so sad a tale is no sub

VI.

M—th smiles for the joint
The son laughs that got the
And Cuff* grins, forgettin

VII.

Here quiet them

V. A QUIBBLING ELEGY,

ON THE WORSHIPFUL JUDGE BOAT.

Written in the year 1723.

To mournful ditties, Clio, change thy note,
 Since cruel Fate hath sunk our Justice Boat.
 Why should he sink where nothing seem'd to press?
 His lading little, and his ballast less,
 Tost in the waves of this tempestuous world, 5
 At length his anchor fix'd and canvass furl'd,
 To Lacy-hill * retiring from his court,
 At his Ring's-end he founders in the port:
 With water fill'd †, he could no longer flote,
 The common death of many a stronger Boat. 10

A post so fill'd on Nature's laws intrinches;
 Benches on boats are plac'd, not Boats on benches:
 And yet our Boat, how shall I reconcile it?
 Was both a Boat, and in one sense a pilot!
 With every wind he sail'd, and well could tack, 15
 Had many pendants, but abhorr'd a Jack ‡.
 He's gone, altho' his friends began to hope
 That he might yet be lifted by a rope.

Behold the awful bench on which he sat!
 He was as hard and pond'rous wood as that: 20

* Two villages near the sea, where boatmen and seamen live.

† It was said he died of a dropsy.

‡ A cant word for a Jacobite.

And Cerberus hath ready in hand
Both pitch and brimstone to fling
Yet, spite of Death and Fate,
We may place Boat in his old
The way is thus, and well described
Take the three strongest of his kind
Fix them on high, conspicuous
Form'd like the triple tree near
And when we view it thus with
We'll cry, "Look! here's our
pendent."

THE EPITAPH

HERE lies Judge Boat with his
Pray, gentle folks! forbear

VI. AN EPITAPH,

the memory of Frederick Duke of Schomberg, who was unhappily killed in crossing the river Boyne, on the first day of July 1690, and was buried in St. Patrick's Cathedral, where the Dean and Chapter erected a small monument to his honour at their own expense.

Hic infra situm est corpus
 FREDERICI DUCIS DE SCHOMBERG,
 Ad Bubindam occisi, A. D. 1690.
 Decanus et capitulum maximopere
 Etiam atque etiam petierunt, 5
 Ut heredes Ducis monumentum
 In memoriam parentis erigendum curarent :
 Sed postquam per epistolas, per amicos,
 Diu ac sæpe orando nil profecere ;
 Hunc demum lapidem ipsi statuerunt, 10
 Saltem * ut scias, hospes,
 cinam terrarum Sconbergenses cineres delitescunt.
 Plus potuit fama virtutis apud alienos,
 Quam sanguinis proximitas apud suos. 14
 A. D. 1731.

* The words that Dr. Swift first concluded the Epitaph with were, *Saltem ut scias, viator indignabundus, quali cellula tanti ductoris cineris delitescunt* : for the Author is always heard to speak with great reverence of the memory of that brave Duke, as well as his glorious master King William ; and indeed of all others who have struggled for the liberties of these kingdoms against the repeated attempts of arbitrary power.

STELLA this day is twenty
(We shan't dispute a year or more
However, Stella, be not troubled ;
Altho' thy size and years are doubt
Since first I saw thee at sixteen,
The brightest virgin on the green
So little is thy form declin'd,
Made up so largely in thy mind.

Oh ! would it please the gods
Thy beauty, size, and years, and
No age could furnish out a pair
Of nymphs so graceful, wise, and
With half the lustre of your eye
With half your wit, your years,
And then, before it grew too late
How should I beg of gentle Fat

POEMS TO STELLA.

133

tho' the painting grows decay'd ?
 house will never lose its trade ;
 tho' the treach'rous tapster Thomas
 gets a new Angel two days from us,
 fine as dauber's hands can make it,
 hopes that strangers may mistake it,
 e think it both a shame and sin
 to quit the true Old Angel-Inn.
 Now this is Stella's case in fact ;
 n Angel's face a little crack'd ;
 Could poets, or could painters fix
 low angels look at thirty-six :)
 This drew us in at first to find
 n such a form an angel's mind,
 And ev'ry virtue now supplies
 The fainting rays of Stella's eyes.
 See at her levee crowding swains,
 Whom Stella freely entertains
 With breeding, humour, wit, and sense,
 And puts them but to small expense ;
 Their mind so plentifully fills,
 And makes such reasonable bills,
 So little gets for what she gives,
 We really wonder how she lives !
 And, had her stock been less, no doubt
 She must have long ago run out.
 Then who can think we'll quit the place
 When Doll hangs out a newer face,
 Or stop and light at Chloe's Head,
 With scraps and leavings to be fed ?

10

15

20

25

30

M

TO STELLA.

go on to prate
arty-eight ;
scandal-picking,
a is no chicken ; 40
en you tell us
talk with fellows ;
u to believe
our soul should grieve,
e to see the day 45
must all be gray,
at a furrow'd trace
her face,
our senseless tribe,
e, or Nature, bribe, 50
like Beauty's queen,
t fifteen,
can ever blind
sides of your mind :

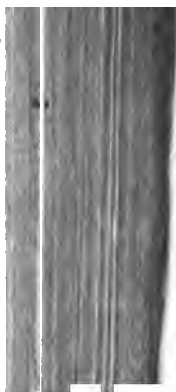
Wh
Wit
Of kill
With t
I ne'er
In a
The fi
Variety v
In pleasu
Or else, co
Take comf
The best w

So if this pile of scatter'd rhymes
Should be approv'd in after-times,
If it both pleases and endures,
The merit and the praise are your's.

Thou, Stella ! wert no longer young
When first for thee my harp I strung :
Without one word of Cupid's darts,
Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts ;
With friendship and esteem possest,
I ne'er admitted Love a guest.

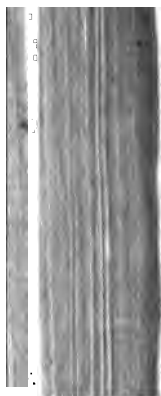
In all the habitudes of life,
The friend, the mistress, and the wife,
Variety we still pursue,
In pleasure seek for something new ;
Or else, comparing with the rest,
Take comfort that our own is best ;
The best we value by the worst,
(As tradesmen shew their trash at first)
But his pursuits are at an end
Whom Stella chuses for a friend.

A poet starving in a garret,
Conning old topics like a parrot,
Invokes his mistress and his Muse,
And stays at home for want of shoes ;
Should but his Muse, descending, drop
A slice of bread and mutton-chop,
Or kindly, when his credit's out,
Surprise him with a pint of stout,
Or patch his broken stocking-soals,
Or send him in a peck of coals,



For Chloe, Sylvia, Phillis
Be told the lodging, lane
The bow'rs that hold the
Fair Chloe would perhaps
With footmen tippling w
The charming Sylvia hear
Her shoulders mark'd wit
Bright Phillis mending ra
And radiant Iris in the po
These are the goddesses
In Curll's Collection new
Whose scoundrel father's
If they should meet them i
True poets can depress :
Are lords of infamy and pr
They are not

grafting on an annual stock, 65
must our expectation mock,
making one luxuriant shoot,
next year for want of root :
I could my verses bring,
you're quite another thing. 70
lævius, when he drain'd his scull-
brute some suburb trull,
illic in order set,
'ry crambo he could get,
ne thro' all the common places 75
out by wits who rhyme on faces,
he could his poem close
ely nymph had lost her nose.
virtues safely I commend ;
n no accident depend : 80
lice look with all her eyes,
es not say the poet lies.
, when you these lines transcribe,
a should take them for a bribe,
l to mortify your pride, 85
expose your weaker side.
spirits kindle to a flame,
with the lightest touch of blame ;
en a friend in kindness tries
v you where the error lies, 90
ion does but more incense ;
ness is your whole defence :
udgment, wit, give place to spite,
is both of wrong and right :



~~have taught you your own name~~
In vain ; for ~~see~~, your friend I
To public light your only fault
And yet a fault we often find
Mix'd in a noble gen'rous mind
And may compare to ~~Ætna's~~
Which, tho' with trembling, and
The heat that makes the summer
Enriching all the vales below,
Those who in warmer climes
From Phœbus' rays they suffer
Must own that pain is largely
By gen'rous wines beneath a shade
Yet when I find your passion
And anger sparkling in your eye
I grieve those spirits should be

POEMS TO STELLA.	139
induced by resentment, seeks vengeance on his friends the Greeks, I think no turbulence of blood stagnating preserves the flood, thus fermenting, by degrees the spirits, sinks the lees.	125
Stella! for once you reason wrong; could this ferment last too long, as subsiding, you may find but acid left behind: passion you may then be freed, peevishness and spleen succeed.	139
Stella! when you copy next, you keep strictly to the text? you let these reproaches stand, so your failing set your hand?	135
these lines your anger fire, they in baser flames expire? e'er they burn, if burn they must, I'll prove my accusation just.	140
	144

STELLA, ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Written anno 1721, -2.

LE, Stella, to your lasting praise
I use her annual tribute pays,
I assign myself a task.
you expect, but scorn to ask.

But my poetic vein declines ;
My harp will soon in vain be
And all your virtues left unsu
For none among the upstart ra
Of poets dare assume my place
Your worth will be to them u
They must have Stellas of thei
And thus, my stock of wit dec
I dying, leave the debt unpaid,
Unless ——, as my heir,
Will answer for the whole arr

STELLA'S BIRTH

*A great Bottle of wine, long b
dug up.*

And, what was yet a greater curse,
 Long thinking made my fancy worse.
 Forsaken by th' inspiring Nine,
 I waited at Apollo's shrine;
 I told him what the world would say 15
 If Stella were unsung to-day;
 How I should hide my head for shame,
 When both the Jacks and Robin came;
 How Ford would frown, how Jim would leer,
 How Sh——n, the rogue, would sneer, 20
 And swear it would not always follow
 That *semel in anno ridet Apollo*;
 I have assur'd them twenty times
 That Phœbus help'd me in my rhymes;
 Phœbus inspir'd me from above, 25
 And he and I were hand and glove;
 But finding me so dull and dry since,
 They'll call it all poetic license;
 And when I brag of aid divine,
 Think Eusden's right as good as mine. 30
 Nor do I ask for Stella's sake;
 'Tis my own credit lies at stake;
 And Stella will be sung, while I
 Can only be a stander-by.
 Apollo, having thought a little, 35
 Return'd this answer to a little—
 " Tho' you should live like old Methusalem,
 I furnish hints, and you should use all 'em,
 You yearly sing as she grows old,
 You'd leave her virtues half untold :



My orders are, I'm not
" And if your voice had i
" You must have pass'd a
" But now, your danger
" You must apply to Mrs.
" For she, as priestess, kn
" Wherein the god of earl
" First, nine ways looking
" With an old poker in her
" Let her describe a circle
" In Saunders' cellar on th
" A spade let prudent Arcl
" And with discretion dig
" Let Stella look with wat
" Rebecca, Ford, and Grat
" Behold the bottle, wher

" You'll find it soon if Fate consents ;
 If not, a thousand Mrs. Brents.
 Ten thousand Archys arm'd with spades,
 May dig in vain to Pluto's shades.
 " From thence a plenteous draught infuse, 75
 And boldly then invoke the Muse ;
 (But first let Robert, on his knees,
 With caution drain it from the lees)
 The Muse will at your call appear,
 With Stella's praise to crown the year." 80

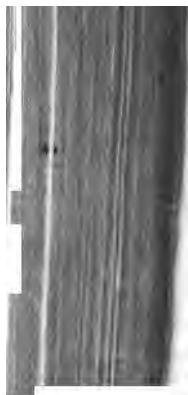
STELLA AT WOOD-PARK,

A HOUSE OF CHARLES FORD, ESQ.

*Eight Miles from Dublin.**Written in the year 1723.*

-----Cuiusque nocere volebat
 Vestimenta dabat pretiosa.

ON Carlos, in a merry spite,
 d Stella to his house invite ;
 entertain'd her half a year
 ith gen'rous wines and costly cheer.
 n Carlos made her chief director,
 at she might o'er the servants hector :
 half a week the dame grew nice,
 t all things at the highest price :
 v at the table-head she sits,
 ented with the nicest bits ;



Unless it had the rig
Don Carlos earnestly
Dear Madam! try to
Was happy when he
To make her only to
Thro' candle-light at
To see that ev'ry glass
At last grown proude
With feeding high an
Don Carlos now bega
His malice work as he
The winter-sky began
Poor Stella must pack
From purling streams
To Liffey's stinking ti
From - - -

From Ford, who thinks of nothing mean,

To the poor doings of the Dean ;

From growing richer with good cheer,

To running out by starving here.

But now arrives the dismal day,

45

She must return to Ormond-quay.

The coachman stopt, she look'd, and swore

The rascal had mistook the door.

At coming in you saw her stoop ;

The entry brush'd against her hoop.

50

Each moment rising in her airs,

She curs'd the narrow winding stairs ;

Began a thousand faults to spy ;

The cieling hardly six feet high ;

The smutty wainscot full of cracks,

55

And half the chairs with broken backs :

Her quarter's out at Lady-day,

She vows she will no longer stay

In lodgings, like a poor grizette,

While there are lodgings to be let.

60

Howe'er, to keep her spirits up,

She sent for company to sup,

When all the while you might remark

She strove in vain to ape Wood-park.

Two bottles call'd for (half her store,

65

The cupboard could contain but four),

A supper worthy of herself,

Five nothings in five plates of delf.

Thus for a week the farce went on,

When, all her country savings gone,

Volume IV.

N

I must confess , -
I was too hard upon a little ;
Your table neat, your linen fine,
And, tho' in miniature, you shine ;
Yet when you sigh to leave Wood-p
The scene, the welcome, and the sp
To languish in this odious town,
And pull your haughty stomach dov
We think you quite mistake the cas
The virtue lies not in the place ;
For tho' my raillery were true,
A cottage is Wood-park with you.

TO STELLA.

*Written on the day of her birth, but not
when I was sick in bed. March 1*

TORMENTED with incessant pain
and poetic strains ?



POEMS TO STELLA, 147
When I could yearly pay
Stella's native day;
ble grown to write, 5
ever saw the light;
nce to her I owe
pains can undergo,
like an humble slave,
recently I rave, 10
brutish passions break,
v'ry word I speak,
speech my anguish cheers,
passions down with tears;
y to descry 15
istance more than I,
feel my pains alone,
in her own.
scholars can we find
t so firm a mind? 20
of life conspire
ella's virtue higher;
duce the rest
en latent in her breast.
who could e'er have known, 25
ils of her own?
who could ever guess,
riends been in distress?
e returns you find
r Stella! still be kind. 30
heart you'll reap the fruit,
e still a brute.



Mean-while,
Shall for my follies make
So may we long continue
Admiring you, you pity!

STELLA'S BIRTHDAY

As when a beauteous ny
We say she's past her d
So poets lose their feet
And can no longer dar
Your annual bard had
To celebrate your birt
Yet merry folks, who
A pair to make a cou
Call the old housekee
To fill a place for w
St. Aidan is of

ix, if this be true,
 yet fit for you ?
 age of forty-three, 25
 subject fit for me ?
 ight wit, and radiant eyes ;
 be grave, and I be wise.
 vain we would oppose ;
 still your friend in prose : 30
 l friendship to express
 equire poetic dress,
 Muse deny her aid
 em sung, they may be said,
 la, say, what evil tongue 35
 are no longer young ?
 sits with his scythe to mow
 sat Cupid with his bow ?
 our locks are turn'd to grey ?
 lieve a word they say. 40
 ut let it not be known,
 somewhat dimmish grown ;
 always in the right,
 says adapts my sight,
 es undistinguish'd pass, 45
 am'd to use a glass ;
 e them with these eyes,
 s you have them, lies.
 time can make you quit
 virtue, sense and wit ; 50



STELLA'S BIRTHDAY

MARCH 13, 1911

THIS day, whatever the Fates
Shall still be kept with joy by us
This day, then, let us not be
That you are sick and I grow
Nor think on our approaching
And talk of spectacles and pills
To-morrow will be time enough
To hear such mortifying stories
Yet since from reason may
A better and more pleasing
Which can, in spite of all
Support a few remaining days
The gravest of days

y comfort they propose,
 companions in their woes).
 is the case ; yet sure 'tis hard 25
 ue, styl'd its own reward,
 all sages understood
 e chief of human good,
 sting die, nor leave behind
 ting pleasure in the mind, 30
 y remembrance will assuage
 :kness, poverty, and age,
 ngly shoot a radiant dart
 thro' life's declining part.
 tella, feel you no content, 35
 g on a life well spent ?
 lful hand employ'd to save
 ig wretches from the grave,
 supporting with your store
 hom you dragg'd from death before ? 40
 lence on mortals waits,
 g what it first creates.
 rous boldness to defend
 ent and absent friend ;
 rage which can make you just 45
 humbled in the dust ;
 station you express
 in all its glitt'ring dress ;
 ience under tort'ring pain,
 ubborn Stoics would complain ; 50
 e like empty shadows pass,
 e flected from a glass ?

;, Stella, when you show
 contempt for things below,
 or life for other ends
 to oblige your friends,
 actions claim their part,
 fortify your heart :
 her daily race,
 bears a double face,
 with joy where she has gone,
 she goes with courage on :
 sickly couch will wait,
 you to a better state.
 whatever Heav'n intends,
 your pitying friends ;
 ills affect your mind,
 they can be unkind.

POEMS TO ST

**Me, surely me, you ought to
Who gladly would your suff'
Or give my scrap of life to yo
And think it far beneath you
You, to whose care so oft' I o
That I'm alive to tell you so.**

TO STEL

Visiting me in my sickness

**PALLAS, observing Stella's
Was more than for her sex w
And that her beauty, soon or
Might breed confusion in the
In high concern for human-ki
Fix'd honour in her infant mi**

**But (not in wrangling to e
With such a vicious stupid ag
If honour I would here define
It answers faith in things div
As nat'ral life the body war
And, scholars teach, the soul
So honour animates the whole,
And is the spirit of the soul.
Those num'rous virtues whicl
Of tedious moralists describe,
And by such various titles cal
True honour comprehends the
*Let melancholy rule supreme,
Choler preside, or blood, or p***

Lesson she alone can teach.

In points of honour to be try'd,

All passions must be laid aside;

Ask no advice, but think alone;

Suppose the question not your own :

How shall I act ? is not the case,

But how would Brutus in my place ?

In such a cause would Cato bleed ?

And how would Socrates proceed ?

Drive all objections from your mind,

And se you relapse to human-kind ;

Ambition, avarice, and lust,

And factious rage, and breach of trust,

And flatt'ry tipt with nauseous f leer,

And guilty shame, and servile fear,

Envy, and cruelty, and pride,

Shall in your tainted heart preside.

d oaths upon record
acred as her word ;
hall in its atoms end
an deceive a friend.
seated in her brest

60

ermine what is breast.
nation in her mind
slavers of mankind !
and ministers of state

ects of her hate.
ks that Nature ne'er design'd

65

man alone confin'd.

dice her sex adorn,
st exposes ours to scorn ?

ers where the charm appears
el's affected fears ;

70

y,

pains,

ard grief;

ere decree

an me,

quire

r daily hire,

endship warm'd,

ight perform'd.

now supplies

r hands and eyes;

100

THE Scottish
In frosty nig

While not

Appears f

Must let

For foot

105

Meagre

And r

Expe

110

POEMS TO STELLA

Now, with a soft and silent tread
 Unheard, she moves about my head
 I see her taste each nauseous d
 And so obligingly am caught :
 I bless the hand from whence I
 Nor dare distort my face for sh
 Best pattern of true friends !
 You pay too dearly for your ca
 If, while your tenderness secur
 My life, it must endanger you
 For such a fool was never foun
 Who pull'd a palace to the gr
 Only to have the ruins made
 Materials for an house decay'd.

A RECEIPT

TO RESTORE STELLA

Written in the year 1711

THE Scottish hinds, too poor to
 In frosty nights their starving c
 While not a blade of grass or h
 Appears from Michaelmas to M
 Must let their cattle range in va
 For food along the barren plain
 Meagre and lank with fasting gi
 And nothing left but skin and b
 Expos'd to want, and wind and
 They just keep life and soul to
Volume IV.



Grows plump and round,
As rising from Medea's k
With youth and beauty to
Europa's counterfeit gallan

Why, Stella, should you
If I compare you to the co
'Tis just the case; for you
So long, till all your flesh
And must against the war
Be sent to Quilca Down *
Where mirth, and exercise
Will soon your appetite re
The nutriment will from
Round all your body plun
Will agitate the lazy flood
And fill your veins with

POEMS TO STELLA.

159

for a blooming nymph will pass,
 fifteen coming summer's grass; 40
 r jetty locks with garlands crown'd,
 le all the 'squires for nine miles round,
 nded by a brace of curs,
 h jockey boots and silver spurs,
 ess than justices o' Quorum, 45
 ir cow-boys bearing cloaks before 'em,
 l leave deciding broken pates,
 ciss your steps at Quilca gates.
 lest you should my skill disgrace,
 e back before you're out of case; 50
 if to Michaelmas you stay,
 new-born flesh will melt away;
 'squires, in scorn, will fly the house
 better game, and look for grouse;
 here, before the frost can mar it,
 ll make it firm with beef and claret. 56

Lib. x. c. 67. and 1

Written in the y

As mastiff dogs, in modern
Call'd Pompey, Scipio, and
As pyes and daws are often
With Christian nicknames li
As we say Monsieur to an
Without offence to human s
So men have got from bird
Names that would best their
The lion, eagle, fox, and bo
Were heroes' titles heretofor
Bestow'd as hieroglyphics fi
To shew their valour, stren
For what is understood by f
Besides the getting of a nam
But e'er since men invented

IMITATIONS.

Would you describe Turenne or Trur
Think of a bucket or a pump.

Are these too low?— then find out gr
Call my Lord Cutts a Salamander.

'Tis well ;—but since we live among
Detractors with an evil tongue,
Who may object against the term,
Pliny shall prove what we affirm ;
Pliny shall prove, and we'll apply,
And I'll be judg'd by standers-by,

First, then, our author has defin'd
This reptile of the serpent kind,
With gaudy coat and shining train,
But loathsome spots his body stain ;
Out from some hole obscure he flies,
When rains descend and tempests rise
Till the sun clears the air, and then
Crawls back neglected to his den.

So, when the war has rais'd a storm
I've seen a snake in human form,
All stain'd with infamy and vice,
Leap from the dunghill in a trice,
Burnish and make a gaudy show,

Become a gen'ral, peer, and beau,
Till peace hath made the sky serene,
Then shrink into its hole again.

All this we grant—why, then look
Sure that must be a Salamander!

Farther, we are by Pliny told
This serpent is extremely cold ;

ceive the filth which he ejects,
: soon would find the same effects
r tainted carcase to pursue,
from the Salamander's spue;
dismal shedding of her locks,
d, if no leprosy, a pox.
Then I'll appeal to each by-stand
his be not a Salamander.

Written in the year 1712.

observers may foretel the hour
agnostics) when to dread a show'r.
depends the pensive cat gives o'er
and pursues her tail no more.
me at night, you'll find the sink
offended sense with double stink.
e then go not far to dine;
in coach-hire more than save in wine.
w'r your shooting corns presage,
ob, your hollow tooth will rage: 10
coffee-house is Dul-man seen,
climate, and complains of spleen.
the south, rising with dabbled wings.



And water—

'Twas doubtful which was rain and
Ah! where must needy poets seek
When dust and rain at once his coat
Sole coat, where dust cemented by
Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy

Now in contiguous drops the flow
Threat'ning with deluge this devote
To shops in crowds the daggled folk
Pretend to cheapen goods, but not
The Templar spruce, while ev'ry shop
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call
The tuck'd-up sempstress walks w
While streams run down her oil'd
Here various kinds, by various for
Commence acquaintance underneath
Triumphant Tories and desponding

l parts the swelling kennels flow,
 trophies with them as they go:
 es and odours seem to tell 55
 / sail'd from by their sight and smell;
 orrent drives, with rapid force,
 l or St. 'Pulchre's shape their course,
 nfluence join'd at Snowhill ridge,
 onduit prone to Holborn bridge. 60
 butchers' stalls, dung, guts, and
 es, stinking sprats, all drench'd
 urnip-tops, come tumbling down

was pretty well in case,
some humour in his face
an easy, careless mein,
ranger to the spleen ;
might a pulpit fill,
clining to sit still.
who, if a man may say't,
is better than his meat)

Fortis, causisque Philippus a
fficiis octavam circiter horar

exit, ut aiunt,
endam vacuâ tonsoris in v
orios purgantem leni nr w

IMITATIONS.

I now dispos'd to crack a jest,
 And bid friend Lewis go in quest,
 This Lewis is a cunning shaver,
 And very much in Harley's favour)
 A quest who might this parson be,
 What was his name, of what degree,
 If possible to learn his story,
 And whether he were Whig or Tory.

20

Lewis his patron's humour knows,
 Away upon his errand goes;
 And quickly did the matter sift,
 Found out that it was Doctor Swift,

25

A clergyman of special note
 For shunning those of his own coat,
 Which made his brethren of the gown
 Take care betimes to run him down:

30

No libertine, nor over-nice,
 Addicted to no sort of vice,
 Went where he pleas'd, said what he thought,
 Not rich, but ow'd no man a groat:

Demetri, (puer hic non lævè jussa Philippi 15
 Accipiebat) abi, quære, et refer: unde domo, quis,
 Cujus fortunæ, quo sit patre, quòve patrono?
 It, redit, et narrat Vulteiū nomine Mænam. 23, 2!
 —Tenui censu, sine crimine notum,
 Et properare loco, et sessare, et quærere, et uti, 3
 Gaudentem——

ADDRESSED TO THE EARL

In the year 1713.

LEY, the nation's great support,
ning home one day from court,
mind with public cares possest,
Europe's business in his breast)
serv'd a parson near Whitehall
reap'ning old authors on a stall.
he priest was pretty well in case,
and shew'd some humour in his face;
look't with an easy, careless mein,
A perfect stranger to the spleen;
Of size that might a pulpit fill,
But more inclining to sit still.
My Lord, (who, if a man may say't,
Loves mischief better than his meat)

fortis, causisque Philippus agendis
circiter horam

It was his name, of what degree, 20
Possible to learn his story,
Whether he were Whig or Tory.
Twis his patron's humour knows,
By upon his errand goes ;
Quickly did the matter sift, 25
And out that it was Doctor Swift,
A clergyman of special note
Shunning those of his own coat,
Which made his brethren of the gown
Take care betimes to run him down : 30
Libertine, nor over-nice,
Infected to no sort of vice,
At where he pleas'd, said what he thought,
Rich, but ow'd no man a groat :

In state-opinions à la mode,
He hated Wharton like a toad,
Had giv'n the faction many a wound,
And libell'd all the junto round;
Kept company with men of wit,
Who often father'd what he writ:
His Works were hawk'd in ev'ry street,
But seldom rose above a sheet:
Of late, indeed, the paper stamp
Did very much his genius cramp;
And since he could not spend his fire
He now intended to retire.
Said Harley, I desire to know
From his own mouth if this be so;
Step to the Doctor straight, and say
I'd have him dine with me to-day.
I'd to wonder what he m
My lord had se

... stop his coach,
 ning the Doctor to approach.
 ift, who could neither fly nor hide,
 sneaking to the chariot-side,
 offer'd many a lame excuse;
 'er meant the least abuse—
 Lord—the honour you design'd—
 emely proud—but I had din'd—
 sure I never should neglect—
 an alive has more respect—
 I shall think of that no more,
 'll be sure to come at four."

6

70

improbus, et te
 aut horret.
 n mane Philippus
 item tunicis

59

an;
an;
stall,
all :
seas,
ease."

90

a, tacenda, locutus, 74

Hic ubi sæpe
is ad hamum,
nviva, —

81

nes ire Latinis.
celumque Sabinum
et, ridetque Philippus. 87

Now all
His ten
The far
Force h
And P
By bil
Poc
Not l
Abo
Tak
Rid
He

IMITATIONS.

200x Swift departs; and, what is wo
With borrow'd money in his purse;
Travels at least an hundred leagues,
And suffers numberless fatigues.

Suppose him now a Dean complet
Devoutly lolling in his seat;
The silver virge, with decent pride,
Stuck underneath his cushion-side;
Suppose him gone thro' all vexations
Patents, instalments, abjurations,
First-fruits, and tenths, and chapter
Dues, payments, fees, demands, and
(The wicked laity's contriving
To hinder clergymen from thriving)
Now all the Doctor's money's spent,
His tenants wrong him in his rent;
The farmers spitefully combin'd
Force him to take his tithes in kind
And Parvisol discounts arrears
By bills for taxes and repairs.

Poor Swift, with all his losses vex
Not knowing where to turn him nee
Above a thousand pounds in debt,
Takes horse, and in a mighty fret
Rides day and night at such a rate,
He soon arrives at Harley's gate,

—Oves furto, morbo periere capellæ
S Pem mentita seges, bos est enectus
D ffensus damnis, media de nocte c

But was so dirty, pale, and
Old Read would hardly let him in.

Said Harley, "Welcome, Rev'rend Dean,

"What makes your Worship look so lean?

"Why, sure you won't appear in Town

"In that old wig and rusty gown?

"I doubt your heart is set on self

"So much, that you neglect yourself.

"What! I suppose now stocks are high

"You've some good purchase in your eye

"Or is your money out at use?—"

"Truce, good my Lord, I beg a truce

(The Doctor in a passion cry'd)

"Your raillery is misapply'd:

"Experience I have dearly bought;

"You know I am not worth a groat

"But 'tis a folly to contest

"When you resolve to have your

When, since you now have dor
where you foun

...IMITATED.

Written about the Year 1713.

I often wish'd that I had clear
life six hundred pounds a-year,
and some house to lodge a friend,
ever at my garden's end,
a ras walk, and half a rood
and set out to plant a wood.
Well, now I have all this, and more,
not to increase my store,
I should be perfectly content,
I but live on this side Trent,
cross the Channel twice a-year,
and six months with statesmen here,
at by all means come to Town,
for the service of the Crown.

5

10



and that they ne'er conside

" Good Mr. Dean, go

" Let my Lord know you'

I hurry me in haste away

Not thinking it is levee-da

And find his Honour in a

Hemm'd by a triple circle

Chequer'd with ribbons bl

How should I thrust myself

Some wag observes me thus

And, smiling, whispers to

" I thought the Dean had b

" To jostle here among a c

Another in a surly fit

Tells me I have more zeal th

" So eager to express your lo

IMITATIONS.

I get a whisper, and withdraw.
When twenty fools I never saw
Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
Desiring I would stand their friend.

This humbly offers me his case—
That begs my int'rest for a place—
An hundred other men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears,
"To-morrow my appeal comes on,
"Without your help the cause is gone"—
"The Duke expects my Lord and you
"About some great affair at two"—
"Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind
"To get my warrant quickly sign'd:
"Consider 'tis my first request."—
"Be satisfy'd, I'll do my best."—
Then presently he falls to tease,
"You may for certain, if you please;
"I doubt not, if his Lordship knew—
"And, Mr. Dean, one word from you."—
"Tis (let me see) three years and more
(October next it will be four)
Since Harley bid me first attend,
And chose me for an humble friend;

—Aliena negotia centum
Per caput, et circa saliunt latus.——
—Si vis potes, addit; et instat,
*Septimus octavo propior jam fugerit annus,
Ex quo Mæcenas me cœpit habere suorum*



“ Those chariot’s this
Or gravely try to read
Writ underneath the
Or, “ Have you nothin
“ From Pope, from Pa
Such tattle often entert
My Lord and me as fa
As once a-week we trav
To Windsor, and again
Where all that passes in
Might be proclaim’d at
Yet some I know with
Because they see me us’c
“ How think you of our
“ I wonder what some p
“ My Lord and he are o

I'm sopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechis'd in ev'ry street.

"You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great,

"Inform us, will the emp'ror treat?

"Or, do the prints and papers lie?"

95

"Faith, Sir, you know as much as I."

"Ah! Doctor, how you love to jest!"

"'Tis now no secret"—"I protest

"'Tis one to me."—"Then tell us, pray,

"When are the troops to have their pay?"

100

And tho' I solemnly declare

I know no more than my Lord Mayor,

They stand amaz'd, and think me grown

The closest mortal ever known.

Thus in a sea of folly tost,

105

My choicest hours of life are lost,

Yet always wishing to retreat:

Oh, could I see my country seat!

There, leaning near a gentle brook,

Sleep, or peruse some ancient book,

110

And there in sweet oblivion drown

Those cares that haunt the Court and Town.

Quicumque obvius est, me consulit.——

Jurantem me scire nihil, mirantur, ut unum 101

Scilicet egregii mortalem atque silenti.

Orus, quando ego te aspiciam? quandoq; licebit 102

Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno, et inertibus horis

Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivio vitæ?



“ Whose
Or gravely try to read th
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Or, “ Have you nothin
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 s that haunt the Court and Town.

obvius est, me consulit.—
 ne scire nihil, mirantur, ut unum 101
 regii mortalem atque silenti.
 do ego te aspiciam? quandoq; licebit 108
 um libris, nunc somno, et inertibus horis
 vitæ jucunda oblivio vitæ?

When he was in th

OUT

Written is

How bless'd is he w
Since Death pursues t
The youth in vain wor
With trembling knees
Tho' Fear should lend
Yet swifter Fate will s
Virtue repuls'd yet h
But shall with unattain
Nor stoops to take the
Just as the rabble pleas
Virtue to

For who with traitors would his safety trust,
 Lest with the wicked Heav'n involve the just? 20
 And tho' the villain 'scape a while, he feels
 Slow Vengeance, like a blood-hound, at his heels.

TOLAND'S INVITATION TO DISMAL,

TO DINE WITH THE CALF'S-HEAD CLUB.

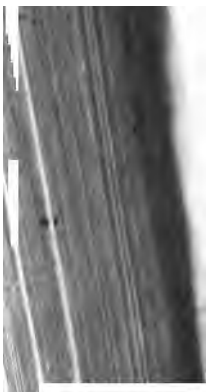
Imitated from Horace, Lib. i. Epist. 5.

IF, dearest Dismal! you for once can dine
 Upon a single dish and tavern-wine,
 T—l—nd to you this invitation sends,
 To eat the Calf's-head with your trusty friends.
 Suspend a while your vain ambitious hopes, 5
 Leave hunting after bribes, forget your tropes;
 To-morrow we our mystic feast prepare,
 Where thou, our latest proselite, shalt share,
 When we, by proper signs and symbols, tell
 How, by brave hands, the royal traitor fell; 10

Si pōtes archaicis conviva recumbere lectis,
 Nec modica cœnare times olus omne patella:
 Supremo te sole domi, Torquate, manebo.

* * * * *

Mitte leves spes, et certamina divitiarum,
 Et Moschi causam. Cras, nato Cæsare, festus
 Dat veniam somnumque dies: impune licebit



We toast confusion
At monarchy we nobly
And talk what fools call
Who, by disgraces
Feels not his soul enliv
Wine can clear up G-
And fill J—ck Sm—t
By force of wine ev'n
Hal grows more pert,
Wine can give P—rt
M—t—g—e learnin
Ch—ly, when drunk
And L—nc—n the
My province is to
Glasses and linen c

IMITATIONS.

our mysterious club to keep out spies,
 Tories (dress'd like waiters) in disguise.
 shall be coupled as you best approve,
 at table next the men you love.
 —nd, Or—rd; B—le, and R—ch—d's G
 ome; and H—mp—n shall have W—p—
 t—n, unless prevented by a whore, [pl
 iardly fail, and there is room for more;
 love elbow-room whene'er I drink,
 onest Harry is too apt to st—k.
 no pretence of bus'ness make you stay;
 ke one word of counsel by the way;
 —rn—sy call, send word you're gone abro
 ease you with King Charles and Bishop La
 ke you fast, and carry you to pray'rs;
 he will break in, and walk up stairs,
 y the back-door out, and leave him there
 order Squash to call a hackney-chair.

get nares, ne non et cantharus, et lanx,
 dat tibi te; ne fidos inter amicos
 i dicta foras eliminet; ut coeat par,
 turque pari. Brutum tibi, Septimiumque
 si coena prior potiorque puella Sabinum
 it, assumam; locus est et pluribus umbris
 mis arcta premunt olidæ convivia capræ.
 uotus esse velis, rescribe, et, rebus omissis
 servantem postico falle clientem.

Translated literally.

R promiseth (in the senate) to take the
ome) and the citizens under his care, nay,
empire, Italy, and the temples of the gods;
nan compelleth all mortals curiously to in-
om what father he sprung, and whether his
were some obscure dishonourable female.
people would cry out) What, thou the son of
s *, or Damas *, or Dionysis *, darest thou cast
citizens down the Tarpeian rock, or deliver them
oners to Cadmus †?

PARAPHRASED.

F Noisy Tom † should in the S—n—te prate,
That he would answer both for church and state
And, further to demonstrate his affection,
Would take the kingdom into his protection;
tels must be curious to enquire
comb be, and who his sir

ho held a cabin for ten groats a-year,
 hose master, Moore||, preserv'd him from the halter
 r stealing cows, nor could he read the Psalter
 rst thou, ungrateful, from the S—n—te chase
 y founder's grandson §, and usurp his place?
 st Heav'n! to see the dunghill bastard brood
 rvive in thee, and make the proverb good **.
 en vote a worthy Citizen †† to jail,
 spite of justice, and refuse his bail.

* The father of Sir Thomas * * *, who engaged in
 t to murder King William III. ; but, to avoid bei
 ged, turned informer against his associates, for wh
 was rewarded with a good estate, and made a baronet
 † C—d—g—n's family.

‡ A poor thieving cottager under Mr. Moore, co
 nned at Clonmell assizes to be hanged for stealing co
 || The grandfather of Guy Moore, Esq. who procu

ADDRESSED TO DR.
LATE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF D

Paulum sepulta, &c.

VIRTUE conceal'd within our breast
Is inactivity at best,
But never shall the Muse endure
To let your virtues lie obscure,
Or suffer envy to conceal
Your labours for the public weal.
Within your breast all wisdom lies,
Either to govern or advise;
Your steady soul preserves her fra
In good and evil times the same.
Pale Avarice and lurking Fraud
Stand in your sacred presence aw'd
Your hand alone from gold abstain
The Jewish world in

IMITATIONS.

ON DREAMS.

AN IMITATION OF PETRONIUS.

Written in the Year 1724.

Somnia quæ mentes ludunt volitantibus umbris, &c.

I.

THOSE Dreams that on the silent night intrude,
And with false flitting shades our minds delude,
Jove never sends us downward from the skies,
Nor can they from infernal mansions rise,
But are all mere productions of the brain,
And fools consult interpreters in vain.

II.

For when in bed we rest our weary limbs,
The mind unburthen'd sports in various whims
The busy head with mimic art runs o'er
The scenes and actions of the day before.

III.

The drowsy tyrant, by his minions led,
To regal rage devotes some patriot's head:
With equal terrors, not with equal guilt,
The murd'rer dreams of all the blood he spil

IV.

'The soldier smiling hears the widow's cries,
And stabs the son before the mother's eyes:
With like remorse his brother of the trade
The butcher, fells the lamb beneath his

Collects the city-filth in search of g

VI.

Orphans around his bed the lawyer
And takes the plaintiff's and defen
His fellow pick-purse, watching fo
Fancies his fingers in the cully's fo

VII.

The kind physician grants the hus
Or gives relief to long expecting h
The sleeping hangman ties the fat
Nor unsuccessful waits for dead m

VIII.

The grave divine, with knotty p
As if he was awake, nods o'er hi
While the sly mountebank attend
Harangues the rabble, and is bett

IX.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XIV.

PARAPHRASED,

AND INSCRIBED TO IRELAND.

*Written in the Year 1725-6.**The Inscription.*

Poor floating Isle! toss'd on ill fortune's waves,
 Ordain'd by Fate to be the land of slaves;
 Shall moving Delos, now deep-rooted stand;
 Thou, fix'd of old, be now the moving land!
 Altho' the metaphor be worn and stale,
 Betwixt a state and vessel under sail,
 Let me suppose thee for a ship a while,
 And thus address thee in the sailor's style.

1. UNHAPPY Ship! thou art return'd in vain,
 New waves shall drive thee to the deep again;
 Look to thyself, and be no more the sport
2. Of giddy winds, but make some friendly port.
3. Lost are thy oars, that us'd thy course to guide, 5
 Like faithful counsellors on either side.

1. O Navis! referent in mare te novi
 Fluctus.
2. — Fortiter occupa
 Portum. —
3. Nudum remigio latus.

IMITATIONS.

4. Thy mast, which like some aged patriot
The single pillar for his country's good,
To lead thee, as a staff directs the blind,
Behold! it cracks by yon' rough eastern wave.
5. Your cables burst, and you must quick
The waves impetuous enter at your keel
Thus commonwealths receive a foreign
When the strong cords of union once are
6. Torn by a sudden tempest is thy sail,
Expanded to invite a milder gale.

As when some writer in a public
His pen to save a sinking nation drew
While all is calm his arguments prevail
The people's voice expands his paper
Till Pow'r, discharging all her store
Flutters the feeble pamphlet into rags
The nation scar'd, the author does
Put his trust in pop'lar gain you

A nation thus, who oft Heav'n's call neglects,
In vain from injur'd Heav'n relief expects.

8. 'Twill not avail, when thy strong sides are
broke,

That thy descent is from the British oak, 30
Or when your name and family you boast
From fleets triumphant o'er the Gallic coast.
Such was Ierne's claim, as just as thine,
Her sons descended from the British line;
Her matchless sons, whose valour still remains 35
On French records for twenty long campaigns;
Yet from an empress now a captive grown,
She sav'd Britannia's rights and lost her own.

9. In ships decay'd no mariner confides,
Lur'd by the gilded stern and painted sides; 40
Yet at a ball unthinking fools delight
In the gay trappings of a birthday-night;
They on the bold brocades and satins rav'd,
And quite forgot their country was enslav'd.

10. Dear Vessel! still be to thy steerage just, 45
Nor change thy course with ev'ry sudden gust,
Like supple patriots of the modern sort,
Who turn with ev'ry gale that blows from court.

8. *Quamvis Ponticæ pinus,
Sylvæ filia nobilis.*

9. *Nil pictis timidus navita puppibus*

10. *Fidit; tu, nisi ventis*

Debes ludibrium, cave.

IMITATIONS.

11. Weary and sea-sick when in thee confin'd
 Now for thy safety cares distract my mind
 As those who long have stood the storms to
 Retire, yet still bemoan their country's fate
 Beware, and when you hear the surges roar
 Avoid the rocks on Britain's angry shore
 They lie, alas! too easy to be found;
 For thee alone they lie the island round

-
11. Nuper sollicitum quæ mihi tædium
 Nunc desiderium curaque non levis,
 Interfusa nitentes
 Vites æquora Cycladas.

DR. SWIFT'S MONUMENT.

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AN ACCOUNT
OF A MONUMENT

ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF
DR. SWIFT IN IRELAND.

TO MR. GEORGE FAULKNER.

IR,

Neale, Feb. 14. 1750.

I have at last finished what you have often heard
wish I might be able to do, a Monument for the
best genius of our age, the late Dean of St. Pa-
trick. The thing in itself is but a trifle, but it is
more than I should ever have attempted, had I not
indignation seen a country (so honoured by the
memory of so great a man, and so faithfully served by
him all his life) so long and so shamefully negli-
gent in erecting some monument of gratitude to his
memory. Countries are not wise in such neglect,
they hurt themselves. Men of genius are en-
gaged to apply their talents to the service of their
country, when they see in it gratitude to the memory
of those who have deserved well of them. The in-
famous Pere Castle told me at Paris, that he reck-
oned the greatest misfortune to him that he was not
an Englishman; and, when he explained him-
self, it was only for this, that after two hundred

IN MEMORIAM IONATHAN SWIFT S. T. P.

VIRI SINE PARI.

*Aonidum fontes aperis, divine Poeta,
 Arte nova: æthereas propriis, ut Pegasus, alis
 Scande domos: æternum addet tua fama columnæ
 Huic memori decus. Hic, tanti quam possumus um-
 bram*

*Nominis in mentem sacro revocare quotannis
 Ludorum ritu juvat; hic tibi parvus honorum
 Offeritur cumulus: laudam quo sine tuarum
 Copia claudatur qui quærit, gentis Iernæ
 Pectora scrutetur, latumque interroget orbem.*

MDCCL.

I HAVE also appointed a small fund for annual premiums to be distributed in the celebration of games at the Monument yearly. The ceremony is to last three days, beginning the first of May yearly. On this day young maids and men in the neighbourhood are to assemble in the hippodrome, with their garlands and chaplets of flowers, and to dance round the Monument, singing the praises of this ingenious patriot, and strewing with flowers all the place; after which they are to dance for a prize; the best dancer among the maids is to be presented with a cap and ribbands; and after the dance the young men are to run for a hat and gloves.

the greatest
of two guineas.

The third day the farmer who
yearling calf of his own breed, is to
premium; and he that produces a
filly, of his own breed likewise, an
old, shall receive a premium of two
Thus the whole will not exceed ten
these useful branches of our growth
will be encouraged, in remembering
with so much care and tenderness, not
to others, and cherished them him

I am,

Dear Sir,

Your

A PORTRAIT OF DR. SWIFT.

A PORTRAIT OF DR. SWIFT.

Presented to the University of Oxford,

BY THE LATE JOHN BARBER, ESQ.

*Is placed in the Picture Gallery there, with
description:*

IONATHAN SWIFT,

DECAN. S. PATRIC. DVBL.

Effigiem viri Mysis amicissimi
Ingenio prorsus sibi proprio celeberrimam
Vt ipsum suis Oxoniensibus aliquatenus
Redonaret,

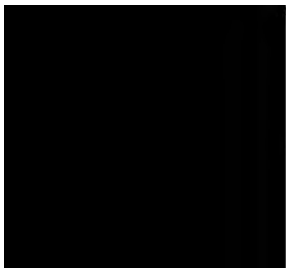
Parietem habere voluit Bodleianum,

A. D. MDCCXXXIX,

Iohannes Barber, Armiger,

Aldermannus,

Nec ita pridem Prætor Londinensis.



On -
To Mrs. H
her husb
On the col
A left-h
To a Fr
Preface
The
To
Dr.
On
A

CONTENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS, FROM 1689
WITHOUT DATE.

Daphne,
The Progress of Marriage,
The Broken Mug,
On Paddy's Character of the Intelligenc
The Logicians refuted,
Ode on Science,
The Puppetshow,
On Psyche,
To Mrs. Houghton of Bormount, upon
her husband to Dr. Swift,
On the collar of Mrs. Dingley's Lapdog
A left-handed Letter to Dr. Sheridan,
To a Friend,
Preface to the Windsor Prophecy,
The Windsor Prophecy,
To the Rev. Mr. Dan. Jackson, &c.
Dr. Swift's Answer to Paulus,
On Dr. Rundle, Bishop of Derry,
Birthday Verses on Mr. Ford,

Dean Swift at Sir Arthur Ache
north of Ireland,

SONGS AND BALLADS

- I. Sung at the Club at Mr. Tapli
of the Drapier's Head,
- II. Since the Drapier's set up, &c.
- III. Of a worthy Dublin Drapier,
- IV. Now we're free by Nature,
- V. When Wood had like to have t
- VI. A Ballad on the game of Traffi
at the Castle of Dublin in the time
of Berkeley's government,
- VII. To the tune of The Cutpurse,
- VIII. An excellent new Song on a
Pamphlet.

1874-1875.
1874-1875.

to be made to Dr. Deane,
to be made to Dr. Deane,
to be made to Dr. Deane, I: the

1874-1875.

to be made to Dr. Deane,
to be made to Dr. Deane,
to be made to Dr. Deane, I: the

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EPIGRAMS.

- XIV. An Inscription intended
 ment in Dr. Swift's monumen
 Cunningham, on College-Gre
XV. An Epigram, occasioned
 Inscription,
XVI. A French gentleman, dir
 company on a fast-day, called
 and eggs : the rest were very
 proved him for so heinous a s
 he wrote some lines *extempore*
In English,
XVII. The Balance of Europe,

ELEGIES AND EPIT.

- I. An Elegy on the supposed dea
 the almanack-maker,
 —The Epitaph,
II. An Elegy on the much-lam
 Mr. Demar, the famous rich
 —The Epitaph,
III. A satirical Elegy on the dea
 mous General,
IV. An Epitaph on General G**
 M**th
V. A quibbling Elegy on the Wc
 Boat,
 —The Epitaph,

VI. An Epitaph to
Duke of Schomberg, who was
killed in crossing the river Boyne, July 1,
1690,

POEMS TO STELLA.

Stella's Birthday, 1718,
Stella's Birthday, 1720,
To Stella, who collected and transcribed the
Author's Poems, 1720,
To Stella, on her Birthday, 1721-2,
Stella's Birthday, 1722, a great Bottle of wine
long buried, being that day dug up,
Stella at Wood-park, a house of Charles
Esq. 1723,
To Stella, written on the day of her birth
not on the subject, when the Dean was

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IMITATIONS.

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Horace, Book I. Epist. vii. imitated, and addressed to the Earl of Oxford,	16
Horace, Lib. II. Sat. vi. part of it imitated, To the Earl of Oxford, late Lord Treasurer. Sent to him when he was in the Tower, before his trial. Out of Horace,	17
Toland's Invitation to Dismal, to dine with the Calf's-head Club. Imitated from Horace, Lib. I. Epist. v.	17
On Noisy Tom. Hor. Lib. I. Sat. vi. ver. 34, 39, paraphrased,	18
Horace, part of Ode ix. Book IV. addressed to Dr. William King, late Lord Archbishop of Dublin,	18
On Dreams. An imitation of Petronius,	18
Horace, Book I. Ode xiv. paraphrased, and inscribed to Ireland,	18
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<i>In Memoriam Jonathan Swift. S. T. P.</i>	19
A Portrait of Dr. Swift, Lat.	19
In English,	19

THE END.



1. The first part of the document is a letter from the President of the United States to the Congress, dated January 1, 1861. It is a very important document, as it contains the President's message to the Congress at the beginning of his first term. The letter is written in a very formal and dignified style, and it is one of the most important documents in the history of the United States.



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